

One for the Road

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One for the Road

by [PastyPirate](#)

Summary

“You can’t go two weeks without fucking me anyways,” Shane heard himself saying, and instantly felt like he’d chosen the wrong dialogue option. He should’ve said something like *I’d like to see all the ways you can figure it out* or maybe *not sharing a room has never stopped us before*.

Ilya let out a laugh, “Please, you beg for me all the time.”

“I’m not the one who can’t go more than a day without jerking off —” *shut up Hollander, SHUT UP* “I can totally go two weeks without fucking.”

The Centaurs do a rotational room program for their first road trip of the season. Which would be fine if Ilya and Shane could be professionals.

Shane starts a fight and gets a Dick Trick, Ilya is a mastermind, Boody becomes a Queer Icon, Troy has no idea what’s going on, Hayes is having the time of his life, and no one wants to talk about the showers thing anymore.

Now with Prequel, but stands alone.

Notes

All Hockey Mistakes are my own and I should know better about yoga.

There will be references to the outing and the emotional aftermath but they’re still emotionally constipated boys so.

Edit: Now with translation into Mandarin! By bdondon!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [一杯上路](#) by [bdondon](#)

Chapter 1: Buffalo

“It’s a good idea,” Shane said, aware that it was probably the sixth time he’d said it since they left the house.

“Nervous?” Ilya teased, “do you miss your boyfriend?”

“Shut up,” Shane bit back. Watching Ilya’s hand on the stick. The car was automatic but he still would keep one hand ready to switch gears. Shane wasn’t at all distracted by Ilya’s forearms or rolled up sleeves. “I’ve had the same roommate for most of my career.”

“I bet Hayden misses you too.”

He did. He texted Shane a rant the last Montreal away game. *Buckley left his floss on the side table. Who does that?*

“It’ll be good, I’ll get to know all the team and you know, establish myself.”

“Establish?” Ilya glanced at him, “second best hockey player in the league needs to establish what?”

“First player, asshole. And that I’m not just the captain’s husband.” Although the idea of sharing a room with Ilya on the road had been the forefront of his fantasies all summer. *Next road trip* he reminded himself. They’d barely spent a moment apart since they’d gotten married. Making up for lost time as it were.

“But your husband is so hot,” Ilya pointed out.

“Yeah I’m obsessed with him, I don’t know how I’ll go two weeks without getting railed.” Shane said, almost absently, watching the muscles play under Ilya’s skin as he turned the wheel.

“That wasn’t part of the deal,” Ilya pointed out.

“How are we supposed to fuck without a room?” Shane responded, slightly wishing they had a room right now.

“You don’t think I can figure that out?” Ilya snorted.

When Shane had heard Wiebe’s plan he assumed that Ilya was already mapping ways to fuck him all over the Continent without actually using a hotel room.

“You can’t go two weeks without fucking me anyways,” Shane heard himself saying, and instantly felt like he’d chosen the wrong dialogue option. He should’ve said something like *I’d like to see all the ways you can figure it out* or maybe *not sharing a room has never stopped us before*.

Ilya let out a laugh, “Please, you beg for me all the time.”

“I’m not the one who can’t go more than a day without jerking off —” *shut up Hollander, SHUT UP* “I can totally go two weeks without fucking.”

There’s a moment that stretches into eternity, they’re both too far gone now. The gloves are off.

Ilya smirks at him, he huffs out a sigh.

“You’re going to break first.”

“The fuck I am, Hollander.” Ilya pulls smoothly into the parking lot. “When you beg for my cock it will be sweeter than usual.”

“Fuck you Rozanov, and your cock, I’m not going to beg for anything.” Shane said bitterly, feeling the competitive nature that their entire souls were comprised of lock into place.

Ilya lets out a bark of laughter as he parked. Shane pushed open his door and went to the trunk, grabbing both the bags.

“No, Shane, not my bag,” Ilya tried to grab for his, but Shane was faster, swinging Ilya’s out of reach and knocking the trunk shut with the other bag. Ilya reached out for Shane’s, but Shane threw them both over his shoulders, and walked towards the team bus.

“Hollander!” Ilya shouted after him. Shane picked up the pace, the bags slapping against his back as he moved.

Ilya caught up to him, scooping Shane over his shoulder, the bags didn’t help him, instead they tumbled forward towards the ground, and Shane did his best to keep from dropping them entirely.

“What the fuck! Rozanov! Put me down!” Shane’s arms were trapped between the bags and Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya half jogged over to the bus like Shane and their collective travel equipment weighed nothing to him.

They were early, because of course they were. Shane wanted to be thirty minutes early and Ilya didn’t want to let him out of the shower so they settled on a respectable fifteen minutes early. The rookies were already clustered in the back of the bus, swapping improbable tales of sexcapades from their days off leading up to the roadie.

“What are you doing?” Ilya asked, as Shane settled into a seat.

“Sitting?” Shane patted the seat next to him, and Ilya looked at him in disbelief.

“Right by the front? Near the coaches?” Ilya leaned forward, “Hollander, we drive to Buffalo, not the airport.”

“What?” Shane leaned in, “Why what’s wrong?”

“You nerd, stand up.” Ilya moved to the center of the bus, far away from where the coaches would sit. Shane scrambled to follow him.

“You’re the captain! Shouldn’t you be near the coach in case he needs to talk to you?”

“For what? Hockey emergency?” Ilya stepped back and gestured towards the window seat. Shane sat down, frowning up at Ilya. “There will not be a hockey emergency, *my garage door opener*.”

Shane glared up at Ilya, and pulled his headphones on.

Ilya went to greet the rookies, instead of making them come up to him. Shane used to sit right by the door so that he could be sure to say hi to everyone. Ilya’s leadership style was closer to his personality. Charming and fun. The rookies were awed by his record, and ready to be pulled into his orbit. The team members he’d played with last year had a bevy of inside jokes with him.

Shane hadn’t been new to a team in over a decade. Sure his reputation preceded him, and more than half of the team had met him at the wedding, but he was still trying to figure out who he was outside of Montreal. Maybe what kind of leader *he* could be when he wasn’t trying his best to be so damn perfect all the time.

Some players were dropped off by their partners, kids waving emphatically from backseats. Harris parked his truck and walked Troy to the bus, kissing him goodbye as the players outside took a break from stacking their luggage to whistle at them.

Troy was still blushing as he got on the bus, pointing to the seat in front of Shane, “can I sit here?”

“Of course,” Shane said, pulling down his headphones. “Harris isn’t joining us?”

“Not on this one, he’ll be on the December roadie I think,” Troy smiled, “I owe him a trip to Kingfisher.”

“I’ve never been,” Shane said, not at all jealous that not only Troy got to go, but he got to go with *Ilya*.

“Harris thinks we should have a triple date the next time we play the Admirals.”

Shane thought about a tiny dive bar in New York, packed with all the currently active openly out NHL players having drinks. “That’d be nice.”

“Everyone!” Wiebe shouted as he came onto the bus, “settle down, we’ve got a long way to go to Buffalo.”

Ilya slid back into the seat next to Shane, knocking their knees together. The scent of him, any version of it, always comforted Shane, Ilya had skipped cologne and Shane could smell the warm smell of his skin. He exhaled hard and reminded himself *two weeks*.

“Now, everyone get comfortable, you’ll see the roster for rooms in your emails. You might notice that instead of your usual roommate assignments we’ll be doing a rotational. Who has been on a team that has done rotationals before?”

Shane glanced around, trying to spot a few hands. He heard it was something the Admirals did, but he'd been with Montreal almost his whole career.

Ilya had his hand partially up. Shane quirked his head at him, noting and putting it away to ask about later.

"We have a couple new members on the teams, and new rookies coming up. This is a great way to learn about your team. We have a real shot at the cup this year but the only way we'll get there is if we learn how to click. Don't worry though, the logistics of doing a rotational is actually quite annoying, plus figuring out how to get a bus and keep us off planes as much as possible," another one of the inside jokes, but this one Shane knew about. He'd screenshotted the instagram messages and saved them deep in his phone. Ilya reached out with his pinky and grabbed Shane's, the reassuring press of Ilya's wedding band against Shane's skin kept him from frowning. "It'll just be for this roadie and not even all of it - we'll fly to the West Coast. If you have any issues with your roommates please let me know."

Bood raised his hand, and at Weibe's nod he stood up, "I just want everyone to know that Evan snores like a runaway pig, so if you need earplugs I have extras."

"Hey!" Dykstra said, as the team laughed.

~

Ilya can admit, at least to himself, when he's fucked up.

He has unfortunately, fucked up on a major scale.

Oh yes, my husband who likes self denial and control and being rewarded for being a good boy, no sex for two weeks.

Idiot.

Their honeymoon coinciding with ending an eleven year long distance relationship of varying intensity and increasing commitment has meant that Ilya has barely needed to jack off for the last few months. All he needs to do is *look* at Shane and Shane is in his lap. He's never felt so fulfilled and starved in his life. It's like he's drinking salt water and no matter how much he drinks he's still just so thirsty.

Entirely too thirsty to walk into the nondescript hotel gym and find his husband doing downward dog in front of the finger printed mirrors.

Not even Tanner Dillon falling over on the next mat could distract Ilya from Shane's ass.

"Fuck!" Tanner hissed.

Shane came out of the pose, "I think you need to widen your feet maybe?"

"You did it so smoothly," Tanner stood up, and watched intently as Shane did the motions again, perfectly and beautifully. Tanner frowned, hitching his hands on his hips, he stretched his arms out to try and replicate Shane's stance.

“Dillon, bend your knees.” Ilya said, because Shane is not a great coach when it comes to explaining things. His body is built for action, instinctive and powerful. Too much of the motion is self explanatory for him, he doesn’t know how to translate to lesser mortals.

“But he didn’t —”

“Like this,” Ilya demonstrated the introductory way to get into the downward dog pose. Tanner’s eyes flitted between Shane and Ilya, before copying Ilya and getting into the stance properly.

“That’s what I was doing,” Shane says, upside down and shaking his hair out of his eyes. A polite little menace to society.

“Do the rest Hollander.” Ilya huffed.

Tanner’s arms crumpled in Cobra pose, but he quickly corrected, lifting himself up and trying to lift his head like Shane.

“Do not match Hollander, he is more flexible than you.” Ilya demonstrated a less intense version of Cobra pose. “He has been doing yoga for ten years.”

“He is right here,” Shane said, lifting himself back up into “Now we repeat it—”

“Again?” Tanner’s voice sounds shaky and a little horrified.

Shane takes them through the rest of his routine. Ilya knows this one to be Shane’s light lazy morning yoga and not the more intensive work he does on his own. At least he tried. Ilya has spent enough time ogling his husband in practice and googling yoga to be able to bridge the gaps for Tanner.

They’re in corpse pose for less than a minute before Tanner starts snoring.

“Why are you doing yoga with Tanner?” Ilya asked as he propped himself up to look over their sleeping teammate.

“He was asking me how I’m so focused on the ice,” Shane mirrored Ilya’s stance “how’d you sleep last night?”

“Fine, Holmberg snores.” Ilya shrugged like the emptiness of the bed didn’t have his brain clawing its way out of his eyes.

Shane didn’t look convinced but he did look concerned “if it’s hard —”

“Not here,” Ilya gestured towards Tanner with the side of his head.

“Right. Same road rules apply.”

“Oh so phone sex doesn’t count?” Ilya asked, loving how the concern changed to besotted annoyance.

“You asshole.” Shane stood up and brushed his hands on his shorts before offering Ilya a hand.

“No, is you.” Ilya let Shane pull him up and used the momentum to nudge him towards the wall of mirrors.

“Ilya....” Shane trailed off, but the smile didn’t drop from his face, “you’re just going to get yourself worked up.”

“Is beautiful day in a shitty town, I missed you last night.” Ilya said, dropping his hands to Shane’s waist. He leaned in close, enjoying the curve of Shane’s smile and the knowledge that as soon as he kissed him the post workout adrenaline would take over.

Tanner snorted and lurched upright “I’m awake.” He announced sternly as if he was used to denying it.

Shane slipped out of Ilya’s hands, throwing a triumphant smirk over his shoulder. “See you later hubby.”

“Shane Hollander is the asshole!” Ilya called after him before looking down at tanner. “You like yoga?”

“I don’t get how it helps him with scoring,” Tanner leaned back on his elbows.

“You’ve never asked me how I’m good at scoring,” Ilya pointed out, he was currently neck and neck with Shane in the scoring race, all the sweeter now that they're on the same team.

“Well you’re you.” Tanner shrugged, “When you first joined the team I wasn’t sure why you even came. I figured we’d just keep on as we were. But I don’t want to be the reason why we don’t get a Stanley this year.”

“Hmm,” Ilya nodded, “Yoga helps him focus his mind, concentrate. Do you feel your mind is loud sometimes Dillon?”

Tanner pondered that for a moment, “I guess.”

“It also makes him flexible as hell, your wife will appreciate it.” Ilya patted Tanner’s shoulder and went to the treadmill.

~

Playing Buffalo is ... well it’s playing Buffalo. Tanner is on his right, and an American rookie from Minnesota named Mikey Dulane is on his left. He wishes he could’ve scored with them rather than despite them, but it’s early enough in the year that he’s sure they’ll figure it out. Tanner is eager to improve.

It makes no sense to wish he was playing on a line with Bood or Haas. Troy and Ilya are basically bonded at this point. Wiebe is trying to build up a whole team, not just rely on the fact that he has the two best Centers in the whole league.

“It’s a bummer there was no power play,” Shane said.

“Aww, my husband wants to play with me,” Ilya said. “We won, is this not enough for you?”

“Call me greedy,” Shane shot back. He knew better than to actually *look* at Ilya when they were in the locker room together.

Ilya leaned forward, and Shane pushed his face away before he could say anything, “you’re the worst.”

“You love me,” Ilya sing-sang back to him before standing up in the center of the room on a bench, “Listen up everyone!”

Shane hoped to every higher power in the universe that when he turned around Ilya at least had pants on, maybe a shirt.

He got half of what he wanted, sweat dripped down from Ilya’s curls down his bare chest, his eyes were bright with victory, and he was a fucking *asshole*

Two weeks Shane reminded himself stubbornly.

“We destroyed them out there, did you hear how sad the crowd was? All thanks to teamwork and those beautiful goals. Me, with assistance from Haas—” He held out a hand and Haas high fived it “Barrett,” he pointed to Barrett who had nothing but a towel on and was across the room, “and of course my husband with two goals—”

“I have a name,” Shane pointed out, as the team cackled at them, sending up some wolf whistles.

“Yes, it is Hollander-Rozanov.” Ilya conceded, and Shane rolled his eyes, “Now we can’t stay up too late partying and celebrating —” Ilya gestured towards the players most likely to go party “— because we do this all over again in Ohio in two days. Do not embarrass me in Ohio.”

Ilya came down from his stand and went to talk to some of the players, shooting Shane a wink over his shoulder.

“Hollander,” one of the assistant coaches poked his head into the room, “the news wants to talk to you.”

“Sure, one second,” Shane said.

“Great, Bood they want you too.” Bood nodded and stood up, following the assistant coach into the scrum.

More than half of the interviews he’s done for the year have had some sort of question about his love life, and how playing with his husband is affecting his game. Farah had helpfully provided a list of non-answers for him to spew out but it’s not needed that night. Instead they ask about his two goals, his expectations for the season, and his thoughts on the next game. It almost feels normal.

His normal for ten years has been a deep closet and Montreal. The bus is similar but instead of Hayden it's Wyatt telling him about the comic book shops he has picked out in Seattle for their day off. Ilya is standing up near the front of the bus because Luca had waylaid him with some questions, but he kept shooting hot looks at Shane whenever Shane rotated his wedding ring with his thumb, so of course Shane keeps doing it.

Once he's back in the hotel room he's ready to melt into the floor. There had been a conversation about what to eat and who wants what but all Shane wants is room service and to watch a pass he missed to figure out what went wrong there.

"Are you watching the game? Right now?" Tanner asked.

Shane looked up from the iPad and tugged his hoodie string out of his mouth, "Yeah?"

"You scored two goals," Tanner pointed out.

"I like to look at the footage when it's new, so I can figure out if there's something I can improve on." Shane refused to blush, or feel weird about it. Sure he knew that the newer rookies had been warned about his *attention to detail*. But there was only so much he could do to avoid being called a wet rag.

Tanner stood for a moment, before approaching the otherside of Shane's bed, "like how?"

Small talk over dinner might be beyond him at the moment, but hockey never is. He grabbed one of the pillows and set up the iPad next to him so Tanner could sit on the otherside of the bed.

"Look, here," Shane hit the rewind to get back to where he'd gotten the puck before losing it, and walked Tanner through what had been going on in his head, what he'd been trying to do as best as he remembered it, and where it fell apart.

The footage kept going, Tanner winced next to him, "ah man that was an obvious pass I missed."

"Sure, we all miss passes, but why? And can you fix it?" Shane said, chewing on his hoodie string again, "no offense obviously." He added, knowing how huffy people got when asked *can you fix it*.

"I mean I could've —" a familiar knock at the door interrupted Tanner.

"Oh, it's Ilya."

"He must be grabbing us for dinner." Tanner said, pausing the iPad and setting it on the side table for Shane.

Shane took a moment to ramp himself up. Dinner with teammates two nights in a row. He used to do it all the time on the road. Well... occasionally, maybe, in the early years.

"Did you guys already go out?" Tanner asked.

“No, the team is waiting for you downstairs, they want to go to Duff’s. I ordered for me and Shane.” Ilya stepped through the entrance way, holding a paper bag.

Shane could’ve cried with relief as Ilya set the bag down on the table.

“Ah, a romantic dinner on the road?” Tanner joked, “Alright, I’ll leave you to it. I’ll be back in an hour or two!”

The door clicked behind him and Ilya smiled over at Shane, “he thinks we’re fucking.”

“I mean, we’re married.” Shane walked over to the table, “it’s not out of the realm of possibility. If you’re ready to give in?”

“You first,” Ilya kissed him lightly, like the tease he was. Shane couldn’t help the fond rush of affection that flooded him.

“How’d you know I didn’t want to go out?” Shane asked.

“Wishful thinking, moya lyubov.” Ilya smirked at him, his eyes raking down Shane’s body until Shane huffed and began to pull the food out of the bag.

Their dinner was surprisingly good for delivery, a solid compromise of healthy protein but cooked in butter with all the trimmings of a delicious meal.

They do end up in bed eventually. Shane nestled into the pillows with Ilya laying on his chest. He could fall asleep like this, he really could. With all the fantastic pressure of Ilya’s weight pressing down on him, the smell of his husband’s hair.

As far as he’s concerned his fingers belong in Ilya’s curls, scratching lightly at his scalp.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya asked, pressing a kiss against Shane’s chest, “usually I am the one who is so — what’s the word again?”

“Introspective?” Shane answered automatically, before his brain caught up to him, “hey, I can be deep sometimes.”

“I love it when you let me deep,” Ilya said, arching a brow and Shane can’t help but huff out a laugh and shake his head at that.

“You asshole.”

“No, in your asshole.” Ilya clarified, his lips smacking against where Shane’s shirt has dragged down against his clavicle. Shane pondered the question.

“I don’t know,” Shane twisted a lock of Ilya’s hair, “it’s weird. My first roadie without Montreal.”

Ilya folded his hands across Shane’s chest, propping his chin on his knuckles. “Is different.”

“I’m not — I like the centaurs, I love playing with you obviously. Being with you.” Shane looked past Ilya to the brown bag that Ilya promised to take to the hallway garbage so they wouldn’t have a lingering salmon smell in the room. “Never in my wildest fantasies did I imagine cuddling with my husband on the road after a good game.”

“Me either, winning makes you horny, I assumed we would be fucking all the time.” Ilya smirked and Shane shifted his leg to wrap around Ilya’s hip.

“Well that too. It seemed like a stretch that any team could afford both of us.” It was Shane’s turn to give Ilya a cocky little smirk, “we’re unbeatable together.”

“Hollander, are you trying to get me hard?” Ilya kissed Shane’s chin.

“Like I need to try with you,” Shane tugged Ilya’s hair, before smoothing it down, “Tanner could walk in at any point.”

“Fine,” Ilya rolled his eyes, before settling back down, “Do you miss them?”

“Hayden, definitely,” he grinned at Ilya’s frown, “J.J. too. But no, it’s not that.”

“No?”

“I just,” he sighed, “it still hurts so much.”

“Ah, sweetheart,” Ilya’s voice dropped, and Shane had to look up at the ceiling instead of him, he could feel his eyes filling up, and he didn’t want to shed any tears over them.

“It’s stupid.” He said, looking up at the white plaster. Ilya stroked his hair back. “I just thought I’d play with them my whole career. I knew it’d be rough when they found out about you but...”

“Shane,” Ilya shifted over him so that he eclipsed the plaster. “Shane, they were your friends for many years. You are allowed to still be upset. It’s only been six months.”

“I know,” he said, leaning into Ilya’s hand as Ilya’s thumb rubbed under his eye. “I know that, and obviously I’m happy. I mean we’re married and hockey is so much fun again. I don’t have to carry it all by myself, but it just... sucks.”

“Yes, it sucks a lot.” Ilya nodded, “And now they suck, without you.”

Shane snorted at that, wiping at the eye that Ilya didn’t have his finger under, “stop that doesn’t make me feel better. I want Hayden and J.J. to do well.”

“I am surprised at Hayden, he is decent still without you to carry him. The rest of the team,” Ilya rolled his shoulders in a shrug, “they hurt my husband and they’re dead to me.”

Shane’s heart felt warm in his chest, “so are you mad at every pundit and most of the population of Montreal?”

“I think we have queer Montreal, which is the only part I’ll forgive. And the place with the chicken parm you took me too, the owner asked for your autograph. She is safe from my anger.”

“Ilya,” Shane tried for reproachful but probably smiled too much for it to be right.

“You can work on forgiveness, and I will hold this grudge for you.” Ilya brushed another tear away. “Poutine is not as good as they say it is.”

“You take that back,” Shane said laughing, “it’s cheese and gravy, what’s wrong with that?”

“Says you,” Ilya gestured towards the brown bag, “we eat salmon like bears but now you want cheese and gravy?”

“Ilya,” Shane dropped back his head. Ilya took the bait and kissed his neck.

“Okay, fine, poutine is great, and J.J. is decent too. Montreal will not make the playoffs without you and then they will come crying back to you.” Ilya shook his head, “but it will be too late by then, you will be focused on the cup. Svetlana thinks we can beat any team in the west this year.”

“If both my mom and Svetlana are saying it then it must be true,” Shane agreed, and then let Ilya distract him from his feelings until Tanner came back.

~

Shane’s hair is wet when he comes to collect Ilya for breakfast the next morning. While Ilya wouldn’t have minded a rolling romp in Shane’s room while Tanner was out for dinner, cuddling and talking about their feelings was actually fantastic. It kept him warm and cozy all night especially when Shane texted him *Spasibo* with a picture of himself curled up in the bed.

Wet morning Shane was a different story.

“It is too early for you to look so hot.”

“You want to crack instead of going to breakfast?” Shane smiled and rolled his head, “I’m feeling pretty limber, I bet you could bend me in half.”

“Asshole, the meanest husband. Holmberg is still asleep but I can kick him out.”

“Come on, let’s grab breakfast,” Shane grabbed Ilya’s hand and threaded their fingers together. “Did you sleep well last night?”

“Yes, but my bed is cold without you in it.”

“It’s kinda wild that we’ll get to spend most of the season in the same room.” Shane bumped his shoulder against Ilya’s, “do you think Wiebe would make this an annual thing? First roadie of the year is always a rotational?”

“I will protest.”

“I think it’ll be good.” Ilya was horrified to note that he actually sounded like he was being honest about it, unlike two days ago. “I mean, Tanner and I reviewed footage this morning and did yoga.”

“You got Tanner up?”

“He woke up to my alarm.”

It’s irritating that Shane would actually be a very good captain. Ilya’s depression is on a tight rope where he reminds himself constantly that he is actually a good captain and doing a good job. He pulled the team together last season with nothing more than drive and Troy’s personal redemption journey. Now he has Shane and a team on the second line and they’re a hair’s breadth away from invincible. Maybe Shane’s annoying attention to detail paired with Ilya’s lead by example style means that they make one super captain.

“You can’t have my C.” Ilya said as they stepped into the breakfast room.

“Well then you’d better watch out.”

A few players are clustered around Troy, his phone held aloft so they can all see the small screen. They shush each other, and smack Troy’s shoulder so his phone almost drops into his oatmeal. Not the greatest sign.

“Oh what now?” Shane asked.

“It’s not you guys,” Troy picked up his phone, and rewound, “It’s Bood.”

The video is a compilation clip of the last night’s scrum, it’s Bood looking increasingly annoyed with a reporter before he bust out and said;

“I’ve never been asked what it’s like to play with straight players before, I don’t know how this is any different. I think the real question should be why the Centaurs is the only team in the league where players feel comfortable being their whole selves, and not keeping themselves trapped in the closet or whatever. Statistically speaking it’s impossible that the Centaurs and the Admirals are the only teams in the league with queer players.” The reporter started to respond, but Bood cut them off, “also while we’re at it, they’re not gay. If you’re going to refer to them in the collective you need to remember that only two of them are self-identified as gay. If you want to talk about the openly queer men on this team you need to remember that one of them is bisexual, and he wouldn’t appreciate the erasure. Thanks for coming.”

The clip ended on Bood stepping away from the scrum.

“Wow,” Ilya said, “I thought I couldn’t love him more and look at him, surprising me every day.”

Troy restarted the clip, “did you see the part where he glares at the reporter.”

“See this is why he’s got that A.” Dykstra said.

Shane was quiet next to him, his eyes intent on the little screen as he watched the interview start from the beginning.

Bood walked in, and immediately saw them clustered around the phone, “Aw fuck.”

“Thank you for not erasing me Bood!” Ilya said, doing his best to make sure no tension or anxiety built. “You marry one man and suddenly all of your years of spending time with beautiful women disappears.”

That got him a glare from Shane.

“Shut up,” Bood said, pulling a chair out at the table, “Reporters have been blowing up my phone all morning. How do you guys handle this?”

“Our agent gave us a list of comments to make,” Shane said in his level factual voice.

“You guys share an agent?” Dykstra said, “Why is that adorable?”

“We are adorable,” Ilya reached over Troy to hit replay on the video.

“Don’t do that,” Bood reached over and took Troy’s phone, turning off the video and putting it screen down on the table. “Listen, it just got a little annoying that we’ve won the first few games of the season and all they can do is ask us what it’s like sharing showers.”

“Did they ask that?” Shane sounded horrified. Ilya grabbed Shane’s hand under the table, to reassure him, or just let him know that they were in this together.

“Aw fuck,” Troy said.

And well, Troy was with them too.

“Yeah, it’s not like I could tell them that it’s just the same as showering with any other players except Shane and Ilya stagger their showers.”

“You noticed that?” Shane’s freckles had the sudden backdrop of red flushed skin.

“Were we not supposed to notice?” Dykstra offered a sympathetic smile, “maybe you shouldn’t tell each other in Russian when you’re going in.”

“You speak Russian?”

“Context clues,” Bood said sagely.

“Hayes told us,” Troy added. “I mean, he said not to say anything because you two probably didn’t want us asking about it.”

Shane’s head sank slowly to the table.

“Ah no,” Ilya rubbed his back, “Shane, is better than the alternative, yes?”

“I’m going to die, right here.” Shane held up a hand, “I’ll be okay in a second.”

“If it helps I totally get it, I wouldn’t want to shower with Harris and ten other witnesses.” Troy shivered, “I don’t know if the immediate reaction or the jealousy would be worse.”

“Yeah, if I had to shower with you all and Caitlin I’d literally kill all of you for being there.” Dykstra added.

If Ilya had any suspicion that anyone on the team found Shane hot he’d have to do the same.

“Is it a jealousy thing? How are you okay with people showering with your husband all the time then?” Chouinard asked.

That snapped Shane out of it, his head came up and he turned to look at Chouinard. “I do not understand how none of you can handle being around Ilya when he’s naked. I mean I get you’re all straight but…”

Shane shifted to look at Troy. Troy held up his hands, “Ilya is not my type.”

“Hey!” Ilya straightened his back and gestured to his body, “I am everyone’s type!”

Troy waved towards Ilya’s body, “you’re hot and all but the big top energy does not do it for me.”

“What?” Shane sounded offended on his behalf, which Ilya appreciated.

“Do I even want to know what’s going on here?” Wiebe asked, hitching his hands on his hips.

“You really don’t.” Chouinard propped his hand on his chin. “I regret being here.”

“What’s top energy?” Dykstra asked, “Can I ask that? Is it rude to ask?”

“Just get your breakfasts before you ask each other questions about sex,” Wiebe pinched the bridge of his nose, and the players got up from the table to go to the buffet.

Shane seemed to have largely recovered, but Ilya planned on cornering him soon to check in. As they jostled to line up, Ilya turned to Troy, “is that why you always shower with me and not with Shane?”

Troy at least looked apologetic before saying, “I’m happily in a relationship with Harris.”

“But?” Ilya prodded.

“Shane is a total babe.”

Ilya nodded, “this is true, he’s a babe. You are lucky you have Harris or else this conversation would be different.”

“I am so lucky I have Harris, and this doesn’t even scratch the top fifty reasons.”

Chapter 2: Columbus

Chapter Summary

Shane's Dick Trick and Ilya's dick trick.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Alright, the showering thing being public knowledge was *embarassing* but no one changed their treatment of him afterwards. It was different talking about it with the team rather than the press. The press were vultures, picking apart every aspect of their lives both at work and at home.

The Centaurs were... friends.

They were Ilya's friends first of course, but Shane's quick transition from HAB to colleague had sprung him into friendship. He'd been to Bood's barbeques, he'd told Dykstra he had no problem with his music (*It's because he doesn't know music Dykstra! Do not listen to him!* Ilya had shouted, which had also felt nice, in a way), he oohed over pictures of Boyle's twins.

When he'd unpacked in the room with Luca earlier that night, Luca had asked him a question about the '93 season that Shane had answered before realizing Luca was in the middle of googling it.

Now, instead of talking about showering, Luca had told the team about Shane's knowledge and everyone had spent the lead up to the game quizzing him.

Halfway through the second and after he'd scored two goals; Dykstra leaned over and poked Shane as he studied the ipad.

"1984."

"Edmonton," he said without thinking, glancing up in time to see Ilya shake off his glove and punch someone in the face. "What the fuck?"

"He looks pissed," LaPointe stated the obvious, "Nikolaev said something to him."

Shane watched as the lineperson sent Ilya to the box, and Nikolaev smirked, skating away. Nikolaev was new to Columbus, he'd just been traded from a team out west. He was maybe a year or two younger than Troy and known for being a bit of a patriotic asshole which made Shane wonder why he hadn't just played for KHL instead.

"Hollander," Wiebe said, and Shane took over for the penalty kill.

During stoppage, with Ilya still fuming in the box, Shane managed to corner Troy.

“Did you hear what Nikolaev said?” Shane could see Nikolaev glaring at him from Columbus’ bench.

“You just scored a hat trick during a penalty kill,” Troy pointed out. Which wasn’t helpful as Shane already knew that. He’d even celebrated, sending Ilya a *look* in the box. The hats were getting cleaned up as they spoke. When Shane just shrugged, Troy huffed and said, “it was in Russian. No idea.”

“Huh,” Shane glanced back over his shoulder towards Nikolaev. He had a feeling he knew what it was about, but it wasn’t like he could just skate across the ice and punch Nikolaev in the face. That wouldn’t help anyone. Shane avoided fighting when he could, not just as a center but he’d hate to lose time to a penalty. He kept his chirps clean and above the belt. For the most part.

On their way back to the ice for the last period he finally managed to catch Ilya’s hand.

“Hey, what’d he say?” Shane asked as Ilya looked everywhere but at him.

“Nothing about you,” Ilya answered, clearly trying to get him to drop it. Given that Ilya would drop gloves for about five people in the world, and he sincerely doubted that Nikolaev had enough sense to know about Shane’s parents and Svetlana, that left only one option.

“Did he say something about your mom?” Shane asked.

“Your hat trick was really sexy,” Ilya arched a brow, like Shane hadn’t spent ten years learning how to clock his avoidant tactics from a mile away, “maybe you score a Dick Trick?”

“If I do, will you suck mine?” Shane managed to flirt back, keeping the anger in check for when he was back on the ice. Nikolaev wasn’t going to know what hit him.

“Stop flirting, we have a game to play,” Bood made a shooing motion to Shane.

“Right, let’s kick their asses,” Shane tapped his forehead to Ilya’s and went towards the front, and calculated how long it’d take for him to be on the ice at the same time as Nikolaev.

Columbus was down two goals but that was a dangerous lead. Shane had absolutely no intention of letting *Columbus* break their streak. Sure he’d scored all the goals so far that night, but it wasn’t because the Centaurs weren’t playing strong.

He kept as much of his mind on the game as possible, as he appreciated how hard the English to Russian translations were. In retrospect it was really impressive that Ilya managed to piss everyone off so much in his second language. Sure, Shane grew up in a bilingual city but he didn’t have to think of quick ways to insult people in French. Or English for that matter. Usually he was too busy letting his stick do the talking.

Luckily, Nikolaev was called to the center at the same time as Wiebe sent up Shane.

“St. Petersburg?” Shane asked Nikolaev, when they were standing near each other, waiting for the linesperson to come with the puck.

“Your Russian is terrible” Nikolaev grunted back. Shane felt like he was fishing and a huge whale had just bit his line.

“I like to practice, so I can speak to my husband. He’s been to St. Petersburg.” Shane had absolutely no idea if Ilya had ever been to St. Petersburg.

Nikolaev grunted, and came to center, Shane bent, ready to take the puck, trawling through his limited vocabulary to figure out the best chirp.

“He went there to fuck your Father” Shane figured that made sense from the way Nikolaev dropped his stick and lunged at him, flinging his gloves off.

Shane managed to dodge one, before remembering that he should probably let a hit land. Nikolaev’s fist smacked into his jaw, giving his mouth guard a reason for existing. Shane responded with a swing of his own, hard enough that Nikolaev’s unbuckled helmet popped off and skittered across the ice.

The referee came to break them up, and Shane let him. Nikolaev on the other hand had to be held back by two of his teammates as he frothed at the mouth.

“Did no one teach you how to buckle your helmet? Do you have too many concussions?” Shane asked, as the Referee sent Nikolaev to the penalty box.

“What just happened?” Luca asked, skating up to his side. *“Why are they not giving you a penalty?”*

Shane shrugged, and didn’t add that usually everyone was too shocked whenever he took a violent approach to actually give him a penalty. Sometimes a good reputation could really come in handy.

Granted it was something Ilya had pointed out to him years ago.

“I think it’s power play time, I’ll see you later,” Shane said, and Luca skated off, Ilya came to replace him, and Troy on the other side.

“Are you trying to kill me?” Ilya asked him, *“did you just punch someone for my honor?”*

“No,” Shane lied with a smile, *“I want a Dick Trick.”*

~

Shane’s phone buzzed in his cubicle as Ilya held the ipad closer to his eyes, trying to lipread Shane’s stilted Russian from the playback video. The reporters had come and went, gobbling up as many sound bites as Hollander would give through Canadian platitudes.

“Hey Cap, Hollander’s phone is going to fall,” Holmberg pointed out helpfully. Ilya grabbed it and checked the caller ID to find a simple *Mom* with a picture of Yuna holding an infant

Shane, both of them wearing McGill Jerseys.

“Fuck.” Ilya said, and answered the phone, “Hi Yuna, he’s showering.”

“Oh, hi honey, are you okay?” Yuna asked, and Ilya frankly had no idea how to respond.

“It was a good game,” he offered. “Shane scored a Dick Trick.”

“Of course he did. Was Nikolaev targeting you?” Yuna asked, ignoring his attempt at a distraction, “he plays real dirty. I’m not surprised LA traded him to Columbus. They’re desperate for talent there. I bet his jaw was as soft as butter too.”

“Let me go get Shane, he’ll call you back in a minute.” Ilya closed his eyes and rolled his neck.

“I wanted to talk to you too, I’m proud of you, that last goal was a cherry on top of a sundae.”

“Thanks Yuna.” Ilya could imagine the way she was standing there, smiling in the way she did whenever he or Shane did something particularly impressive on the ice. Sometimes he liked to imagine that if they had kids they’d inherit that rabid love of the game.

“I’ll let you go, I’m sure you had your reason for punching him but remember that he’s going to be forgotten and you’re going to go down in history as one of the best Centers that ever lived.” Yuna sucked her teeth and added, “okay, love you Ilya!”

“Love you too Yuna.” Ilya said, letting her hang up on the line. He stared at the phone for a moment, then another, before peeling off his underwear and heading into the shower.

Shane was scrubbing his head under one of the spigots, and noticed him out of the corner of his eye.

“Oh come on, everyone just figured out our shower rules,” Shane looked around the room, a red flush filling his cheeks, he resolutely stared at a point over Ilya’s shoulder. A forming bruise darkened his jaw.

“No no no Hollander I’m mad at you,” Ilya said, ignoring the chuckles of his teammates around him, “What did you say to him?”

“What did he say to you?” Shane shot back, slapping off his water and grabbing a towel. Ilya followed him, taking a towel just in case, even though he’d have to double right back to actually take a shower.

Columbus’ guest showers had a short hallway that led from the showers back to the locker room. It was far from private, their teammates were filtering in and out of the showers as they did their post game routine. They stood there with their towels tied around their waists, as if that was a normal way to have a conversation.

“I don’t need you to defend my honor or fight my battles for me.” Ilya crossed his arms, and then let his arms drop when Shane’s eyes skimmed over his chest and up to the ceiling.

Maybe it was a bit of dirty pool as Shane called it to try and have this conversation in the locker room. He didn't want to put it off until later, when Shane could wiggle out of it.

"I know you don't need me to fight your battles, you're the strongest man I know." Shane ran his fingers through his hair, droplets flicking to his shoulders. "That doesn't mean I'm going to let some guy bully you."

"How do you know he was bullying me?" Ilya asked, and Shane made eye contact for that, lifting his brow. "He could've been saying anything."

"If he said anything that didn't matter, you would've told me about it." Shane leaned forward, making Ilya very aware of how naked and close Shane was, "he said something about your mom didn't he?"

Ilya clenched his jaw, the last place he wanted to cry was a locker room in Ohio.

"What happened to keeping work professional Hollander?" Ilya tried instead.

Shane, the asshole, smirked at him. "I'm incredibly professional. I scored a Dick Trick."

An unfortunately sexy Dick Trick. The penalty kill goal alone was hot. Ilya had watched it feeling like a dumbass who was about to let his team down because he'd taken the bait too quickly. Then Shane managed to surprise the goalie with a shot between the legs. That goalie was going to be cursing Shane's name for the rest of time. In a regular game, being the one to assist Shane as he scored a goal would be enough to keep him flying. This was all just too much. His heart couldn't handle it.

"What did you say to him?" Ilya prodded.

Shane shrugged, "just that you went to St.Petersburg before."

"What?" Ilya couldn't remember the last time he'd been to St. Petersburg. Certainly it wasn't enough to piss someone off.

Shane grinned, "and fucked his father."

"Hollander"

The emotional whiplash was too much, he'd gone from on the verge of tears to on the verge of something completely different. The shower rules existed for a reason. They were professionals damn it, being respectable mattered — to Shane anyways. Luca Haas just scurried behind Ilya to go into the showers.

Shane grinned his eyes still aiming at the tiles over Ilya's shoulders, "I agree, it's a bit of a awkward blow, but I couldn't say I fucked his dad, he wouldn't get pissed at that, he only seems to respect Russians. And I was scrambling to think of something. Russian is not the easiest language to chirp in."

"Hollander." Ilya clenched his towel, and willed his dick to listen to him for once in its life and just stay calm. "We are going to talk about this later."

“Dude, Hollander, your mom keeps calling.” Dykstra called from the locker room.

“Oh fuck,” Shane’s face fell. “She’s going to yell at me for fighting.”

“That’s what you get.” Ilya said, and walked off to the showers, trying to rehearse the alphabet backwards to calm himself down.

~

Between Bood’s video, and the game of Hollander-Rozanov versus Nikolaev, the Centaurs were dominating the late night ESPN pundits.

“Do you agree with them?” Luca asked, his feet lifting and dropping as he laid on his stomach to watch. “Does it count as a Gordie Howe Hat Trick?”

“Well I didn’t get a penalty, and I didn’t cross check anyone.” Shane took another chip, “I did assist Ilya’s goal though.”

“Maybe they’ll call it a Hollander.” Luca said.

Shane hummed absently, given the number of fights he had on the ice were greatly dwarfed by the number of goals he had, he doubted it.

“Did he tell you what Nikolaev said?” Luca asked, as they played the footage from Ilya’s fight again.

“No,” Shane didn’t add that he’d largely figured it out.

Shane’s phone vibrated on the sidetable, he glanced at it and saw a text from Lily.

South stairwell 10 min

Yeah right, like he’d let himself get cornered in the stairwell. The fight dampened things but he knew that winning a game got his blood pumping. Especially winning a game *with* his husband. His beautiful husband that ESPN was now breaking down an assist by.

“Where are you going?” Luca asked as Shane put on his shoes.

“Grabbing some ice, I’ll be back soon.” Shane opened up the door and grabbed the key on his way out.

“Don’t forget the bucket!” Luca called after him. And Shane figured he’d just steal the bucket from Ilya’s room.

It was less than five minutes before Shane was in the stairwell. Ilya was waiting on the landing below, spread out with his hands on the railings. This hotel was taking no chances, and the railing continued along the walls and down the stairwell.

“Eager,” He said, as Shane walked down the steps to him.

“Fuck you.” Shane was on him as his smirk widened.

If Shane could kiss Ilya forever he would. His hair was always so soft under Shane’s fingers, his lips were always demanding, but never pushed Shane too far. He pulled Shane in deep until all Shane could feel or care about was Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya*.

“I missed you,” Ilya said, spinning Shane around to heft him up on the railing. There wasn’t enough room for Shane to sit comfortably, but he wrapped his legs around Ilya anyways. Tilting his chin so Ilya could kiss his way down Shane’s neck.

“Missed you too,” Shane’s cheek dragged against Ilya’s forehead. It was already too much too fast and it’d only been four days. Ilya grabbed Shane’s upper thigh and pulled him in tight, biting and kissing the corded muscle in Shane’s neck.

Shane opened his eyes, and regretted it instantly although a future version of him was probably happy, “shit there’s cameras in the stairwell.”

Ilya muttered angrily in Russian, not bothering to slow down his words enough so that Shane could understand. Even that went straight to Shane’s head.

“Alright, Dykstra shouldn’t be back for twenty minutes.”

“That’s it?” Shane whined, not bothering to feel embarrassed. It’d been four days damn it. He couldn’t even remember why.

“Please, like you need more than five,” Ilya said, tugging Shane off the wall and pulling him down a flight.

Ilya’s room was right off the stairwell on the floor below Shane’s. Ilya pushed him against the wall in the entrance way, letting the door shut slowly behind him.

Anyone could be walking down that hall, one of their teammates, one of the multitude of people who traveled with them, their *coach*. Hell, Dykstra could be further inside the room. Shane could feel the place where he cared about that so much in the past. The rigid structure of their lives when they were outside one of their homes. It was like a cancerous growth had been removed and he could breath deep.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane said, grabbing at Ilya’s belt. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Your right hook,” Ilya checked the room behind him before he pushed the door shut and flipped safety lock over the knob so even Dykstra couldn’t get back in.

“*Fighting?*” Shane smiled, Ilya’s buckle finally gave way, and Shane wrapped his hand as best as he could around Ilya’s cock, under the layer of sweatpants and over the black briefs he had on, “I thought you were mad at me for that.”

“My good good husband, finding his way to throw down his gloves even though he thinks fighting is beneath him. Let me suck your cock,” Ilya pressed him up against the wall with one hand, and did his level best to kiss Shane’s brains out while undoing Shane’s belt buckle.

Well fighting wasn't below him necessarily, technically as a center he should never fight but Ilya knew this and it didn't keep *Ilya* from fighting. Which in the grand scheme of their competitive nature —

“Fuck!” Shane pushed against Ilya's chest with the hand currently not wrapped around Ilya's dick. Confusion swam across Ilya's face before Shane said “the competition.”

A moment passed, then another.

“Are you for fucking real right now Hollander?” Ilya wrapped his hands around Shane's waist, and pulled him in tight, “are you fucking with me?”

“I'm not giving in,” Shane's hand was still wrapped around Ilya's dick, massaging it ever so slightly instead of stroking it like he'd like. “I can last two weeks.”

Ilya's eyes clenched shut, and he let out a sharp breath, dropping his head to Shane's shoulder.

Shane tried to convince himself to let go of his husband's cock.

Ilya lifted his head, his lips a straight line, “does not count.”

“What doesn't count?” Shane looked down at their unbuckled pants, “this probably counts.”

“No,” Ilya shook his head, “no they call it a Dick Trick for a reason, Hollander. You need to get your dick sucked and no one else is allowed to do it. You are my husband.”

“That's not why they call it a Dick Trick and you know it.” Shane let the massages become more like strokes.

“Gordie Hat Trick and a Dick Trick?” Ilya shrugged, “you are... what is the word again? Not a part of it?”

“Exempt?” Shane offered.

“Yes, exempt.” Ilya nodded, “it might seem confusing, like ... offsides, but it makes perfect sense to us hockey professionals.” Ilya gave him that shit eating smirk, “doesn't count. Bet is still on.”

“Well, if the Gordie Howe counts, then I assisted you for a goal,” Shane pointed out, yanking down Ilya's underwear so he could get at the warm flesh beneath, “it seems only fair that you're exempt too.”

“Clearly,” Ilya said, and dropped to his knees, taking Shane's pants and underwear with him.

Shane would swear on anything or to anyone that Ilya only managed to get better at this every time, and he'd been pretty spectacular to start with. This wasn't one of his teasing tension building blow jobs, no, he swallowed Shane down to the hilt, smirking up at him when Shane's head dropped back hard enough to thunk against the wall.

It was too much, too good, too fast. Ilya's mouth was warm, his tongue insistent, and his hands were clenched against Shane's sides like he was the only thing grounding Ilya to the earth.

"Shit, fuck," Shane gripped Ilya's curls, he knew better than to try and do more than warn Ilya when he was like this. When Ilya wanted every bit of him he could spare, and then some.

Ilya pushed his thumbs in against Shane's hips, and Shane spilled over the edge, letting the stars swim in his eyes as he hoped to hell that wasn't a concussion.

"Fuck." he said again, sliding down the wall slightly.

Ilya stood up and kissed Shane, all trace of Shane's release already gone.

"That's what you get for being the best," Ilya pressed a kiss against the corner of Shane's mouth, letting Shane gasp for the air he was sure was in the room.

"Ilya, if you do that to me after every game I swear I'll score a Dick Trick every time."

Shane didn't even care that Ilya looked smug as hell. Sure, there was a bit of a learning curve for Shane when it came to blowjobs, but he was no slouch either. He wanted to put a different kind of smile on that beautiful face.

"I need to sit down," Shane said, pushing Ilya towards the desk on the far side of the T.V. Dkystra's bed was covered in camo clothing. Wherever he was he'd tried on a few different outfits first. Ilya's bed had nothing on it but a pack of cigarettes that Shane was going to helpfully ignore for the time being.

Shane sat in the desk chair and pushed Ilya against the desk. Ilya got the hint and sat on it, letting his feet dangle on either side of the chair.

"I also assisted your goal," Ilya reminded him, as if every goal they shot together didn't live in Shane's veins.

"You did great out there," Shane wrapped his hand around the base of Ilya's cock, shoving the underwear so it was nestled under Ilya's balls. "You're so fucking perfect."

"Shane," Ilya said, warningly, "don't kill me."

"You can handle it," Shane shot back, and swallowed Ilya down. Unlike Ilya it took a couple passes for him to be able to fit most of his length in his mouth. Which seemed unfair to Shane, it wasn't like they were so radically different in size, just Ilya was better at deep throating.

Shane once spent a lazy weekend early in their dating days just practicing taking Ilya as deep as he could go. It'd been a great weekend, but unfortunately their busy schedule just meant Shane did not get to practice as much as he wanted. If he had it his way he'd blow Ilya constantly for the rest of his life. But that would get in the way of Ilya fucking him as frequently as he could, and things like eating, sleeping, playing hockey.

Shane kept his hands loose around the base, focusing on using his tongue and sucking as best as he could to keep the moans spilling out of Ilya's mouth. His thumb drifted down and pressed against the vein on the underside of Ilya's cock.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya moaned, pushing Shane's hair back. "Not gonna last."

"Give it to me," Shane said, returning to his focused study on pulling Ilya apart.

Ilya spilled down his throat, as he groaned and leaned over Shane's head, his hands pulling Shane's head in tight.

Afterwards, they sat there for a moment, Shane's head on Ilya's thigh, and Ilya slumped against the mirror on the desk, carefully brushing his fingers through Shane's hair.

This was Shane's forever now, quiet moments with the best man he's ever met.

"We don't have to talk about it, if you don't want to." Which is how Shane started most of their conversations about depression. He wished he could pry every bad thought out of Ilya's head and knock it to the ground like Nikolaev, but that wasn't how it worked unfortunately.

"Hmm," Ilya's fingers tapped against the crown of Shane's skull. Tilting Shane's head up so he could brush his fingers against the bruise on Shane's chin. "I worry you will kill him if I speak."

"That's a risk you're going to have to take." Shane kissed the palm of Ilya's hand.

This time when the moment stretched between them, Shane studied Ilya's eyes, waiting for the shutter to come down.

"He said my mother regretted me," Ilya finally admitted.

Shane inhaled, and stood up, wrapping Ilya in his arms, "you know that's not true. She would be so proud of you."

"I know, is stupid," Ilya said into Shane's shoulder, "he sounded like my brother."

"Who is also a dipshit," Shane took Ilya's face into his hands, "Listen to me, your mother loves you, and she's so proud of you. You're a fantastic person, an awe-inspiring captain, the best husband, and a wonderful son."

"That is a lot of English," Ilya pointed out, a tear dripping down his cheek.

"*You are the best person and your mother loves you*" Shane tried in Russian, earning a lopsided smile from Ilya. "Yes?"

Ilya gave him the slightest of nods.

"Now come on, let's cuddle on the bed before Dykstra comes back."

In the end Shane did remember to grab Ilya's ice bucket, but completely forgot to get any ice. Luckily Luca was too wrapped up in a drawing to notice. Just another win for the day.

Chapter End Notes

A hat trick is 3 goals scored by one player in a game

A gordie howe hat trick is a goal, an assist, and a fight by the same player all in the same game (Technically Ilya got one of these too)

A dick trick is 4 goals scored by one player in a game, but it's an unofficial name for it. I've been obsessed with it since I first heard of it.

I do try to say thank you to comments but apologies if it takes me some time to get to yours!

Chapter 3: Chicago

Chapter Summary

Musings on when to sexile your teammates, and the ramifications. Plus a calming flight to Seattle.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane dug through his bookbag for his charger, the elusive cord seemed to have slipped into another dimension, although most likely had slipped into his husband's bag somewhere between Columbus and Chicago.

"Shit," Shane said, pulling out his phone which was dangerously low to text Ilya, *do you have my charger?*

The door flung open behind him, and Dulane, the rookie Shane was rooming with seemed out of breath, wide eyed and shocked, "Hollander, sir, I need the room."

"What?" Shane looked around, "you need it for what?"

"I am so sorry, but I think I've met my future wife."

Shane paused, his mouth open but not working, like a fish. "Are you sexiling me?"

"Please, please, she lives with her parents. She's fantastic, we're going to get married and have ten kids."

"Where did you meet her?" Shane asked, and shook his head knowing full well that the rookies were celebrating their Columbus win for a second night in a row at a club down the street, "are you drunk?"

"I promise sir, I'll definitely make it up to you—" Dulane grabbed Shane's wrist and began to pull him towards the door. Shane went along with it mostly because he was in shock. Hayden had never sexiled him. Sure, he'd definitely used times Shane was out to his own advantage, but if Jackie was on the road with them he sprung for his own room.

"Stop calling me sir," Shane stepped into the hall and saw a beautiful blonde girl leaning against the wall next to a painting of a sailboat. "Hi."

"Shane Hollander?" The girl asked, smiling gently, "it's so nice to meet you."

“Hollander was just about to go find his husband to say goodnight to,” Dulane said, “do you want to come in?”

“Sure,” she gave Shane a wide enthusiastic smile, stepping around him to go into his hotel room. The door clicked shut behind him, right as he realized he didn’t have his keys, or his shoes on.

“What the fuck.” Shane opened his phone, clicked over to LILY in his contacts, just in time for his phone to die. “What the *fuck*”

Down the hall a door opened and Ilya poked his head out, a white cord in his hand. “Shane? You didn’t need to leave. I was coming to you.”

Ilya’s eyes dropped down to his shoeless feet, socks bare on heavily trodden floors. “What the fuck.”

~

Dykstra couldn’t stop laughing as Ilya rifled through his suitcase for a clean pair of socks. Ilya tossed them to Shane who stood in the doorway, swapping out his now tainted socks.

“Rookies man,” Bood said, shuffling the cards, “would he have woken you up if you were asleep?”

“When I first joined Toronto my roommate would just sneak girls into the room if I was sleeping.” Wyatt said, “I’m a light sleeper.”

“Toronto sucks.” Dykstra said.

After dinner they’d came back up to the room, they’d pulled the shared sidetable out from the wall so they could sit around it on the queen sized beds. Ilya had thankfully been assigned to be Wyatt’s roommate for this stint, which meant mostly learning obscure facts and a reasonable bedtime.

“I got sexiled so much with Toronto the coach started giving me my own room.” Troy said. He was sitting up against the bedframe.

“Fuck Kent,” Bood said, and they all repeated a variation back, even Shane who was rolling his dirty socks up and tucking them between Ilya’s sneakers.

“I thought Dulane was saving himself for marriage,” Dykstra said, holding out Ilya’s cards towards him as Ilya sat back down.

“He said they were going to have ten kids together,” Shane plugged his phone into Ilya’s charger. Before he sat on the bed, leaning against the bedframe far from the cards. The game of the night was Euchre, and they officially had entirely too many people in the room to even try keeping the game going. It was a shame Dykstra had a hard *No Poker* rule, and everyone refused to learn any game Ilya suggested. Just because one rookie got alcohol poisoning a decade ago.

“You have done a good deed, he will thank you in his wedding vows.” Ilya said, reaching out to pat Shane’s leg.

“Sexiling is a part of life on the road,” Dykstra took the phone that was softly playing a song, but before he could open the music app Ilya took the phone away from him. “Oh come on! It’s bad enough that you steal the aux cord when it’s Shane’s turn to play music.”

“I’ve never sexiled anyone.” Shane grumbled.

Ilya tucked the phone in his pocket, waving away Dykstra’s reach. “Yes, you have.”

“No, taken opportunity of an open room sure but not sexile,” Shane said firmly, “I would remember.”

“Oooh, the plot thickens.” Dykstra gave up and leaned back next to Shane. “When did he sexile someone Roz?”

“Just because he did not do the sexiling himself, does not mean he’s innocent.” Ilya shot him a significant look.

“You *sexiled* someone for me?” Shane sat up, his eyes wide with shock. The guys broke out into guffaws, Dykstra raising his hand for a high five, Shane nudged his hand down before Ilya could even try to meet him.

“Sexile is such a weird word,” Wyatt said, “sexile, sexile, it’s beginning to lose it’s meaning.”

“Relax Hollander, I did not tell Marleau who you were.” Ilya try to pat Shane’s leg from where Ilya sat at the foot of the bed, but Shane pulled his leg up and pushed Ilya’s butt with his foot instead. Ilya *loved* cranky Shane. He’d sexile the whole room just to soothe him if Shane would let him. “I told him that two models were coming up and I needed the room.”

“Is that why Marleau broke your collarbone?” Troy asked. He sat cross legged at the foot of Wyatt’s bed.

Ilya pointed at him and said “too soon.”

“It was years ago!” Troy held up his hands.

“Tell me you didn’t Ilya,” Shane sank into the bed, rolling over to bury his face in a pillow, the motion pushed his shins into Ilya’s butt, and Ilya settled back against his legs, “please no.”

“I thought it wasn’t going to happen that night, you’d been ignoring my texts.” Ilya shrugged, looking at the rest of the team. He stroked Shane’s calves in what he hoped was more reassuring than sexual.

“Dick pics don’t count as texts!” Shane said into the pillow, which meant he’d gone through his mental catalogue and figured out the exact time he sexiled Marleau for him. Peak romance, as far as Ilya was considered.

“What is even your guys’ relationship?” Bood asked, he had moved to an arm chair by the sidetable and had his feet propped up on Wyatt’s bed.

“Young love,” Ilya’s hand slipped under Shane’s pant leg to rest against the skin of his ankles. it was nice that he was there. Ilya didn’t really want to stop touching him at all. “See, we got married, maybe Dulane will too.”

Shane twisted so that he was staring up at the ceiling, “I don’t know how to process this information.”

“Do you need the room?” Troy asked wryly.

“No,” Shane’s mouth screwed in a line, “I’m just thinking about all the ways we could’ve been caught.”

“And in the end it was on FanMail.” Wyatt said wistfully.

“Also too soon.” Ilya shook his head, “*Brad.*”

“Fuckin’ Brad,” Shane agreed, rubbing his face.

“To be fair, as roommates we spent more time sexiling each other than sharing the room.” Ilya shrugged, he could feel Shane’s glare on the side of his face. “We are beautiful men.”

“You’re not going to sexile me tonight are you?” Wyatt asked.

“No,” Shane said at the same time as Ilya. Ilya couldn’t help but note that Shane didn’t sound as sad about it.

“Maybe the next time we do a rotational we make all the rookies sexile each other,” Dykstra said, before nodding at Troy. “Did you ever sexile Kent?”

“No,” Troy sighed, “I was —” he looked at all of them “ —This doesn’t leave the room but I was seeing someone. We were both too deep in the closet to risk it.”

“It’s rude to ask who, right?” Dykstra asked, and Ilya shrugged.

“I mean we’re both out now, but he’s an asshole, and not in the way Hollander and Rozanov call each other assholes.” Troy shook his head, “but if Harris was on this trip I’d be sexiling you all left and right.”

“Just go to his room, he gets his own room when we travel.” Ilya lifted his shoulders in a shrug, “just have the coach assign you to his room.”

“No, it’s team bonding.” Troy said, a rare mischievous smile on his face, “I’ve never gotten to sexile anyone before.”

“What do you do if you’re deep in the closet and want to get laid?” Dykstra asked thoughtfully.

“Yeah, *Shane* since you’re too good to sexile people yourself.” Ilya chirped and Shane shoved at him with a socked foot.

“Well, I’d only ever see my ex in Vancouver. I have a feeling these two have a long list of hotel rooms behind them.” Troy winced, “I should probably shut up about him, before one of you figures it out.”

It’s Adrian Dela Cruz. Ilya figured it out sometime over the summer when someone asked Harris if he was excited for Adrian’s new show and Harris, who spent a solid twenty minutes before Troy joined the team talking about how *brave* Adrian was, responded with a face like he’d sucked twenty lemons and said *sure, I guess*. For a relatively private person, Troy had hitched his wagon to the biggest gossip and least stone faced man on the planet. He really did need to come out immediately.

“And cottages, cars, all stars games —” Ilya threw in to distract everyone because unlike Harris he was good at keeping secrets.

“Jesus Christ stop *talking*” Shane sat up on the bed so he could cover Ilya’s mouth.

“Being closeted is fucked up,” Dykstra said, lifting his camo hat to run his fingers through his hair, “its like, straight people don’t have to come out why do queer people have to?”

“Dykstra,” Bood rubbed his face, “they know being closeted sucks, they lived it.”

“I mean, you’re not wrong, it does suck. Trying to hide it and not knowing who can tell,” Troy glanced over at Ilya, “I mean Ilya clocked me immediately.”

“No, no, not immediately. I didn’t care about you for a solid week.” Ilya smirked, “but it was obvious, with Harris.”

“It’s always obvious to Ilya, he’s like a bloodhound for closeted queer hockey players,” Shane glanced around the room before adding, “he knew I was gay before I did.”

Ilya nodded. “This is true. I will not share the details.”

“Was I that obvious about Harris?” Troy asked the room at large.

“No,” said both Dykstra and Bood but Wyatt detracted from it by saying “Very obvious.”

“Ah! Hayes has a gaydar too.” Ilya said happily.

“Well I didn’t know when Troy played for Toronto.” Wyatt shrugged, “The Dallas Kent Effect.”

“You know what we haven’t watched in a while?” Dykstra asked, pulling out his phone.

“Kent crying in court?” Bood said, and Troy added, “Kent getting a pie thrown at him?”

“Yes, to all of the above.”

“He’s not responding to my texts, should I go down to the desk and get a new key?” Shane asked once everyone drifted off to their own rooms.

“What? Risk seeing Dulane badly performing oral?” Ilya pulled out a spare pair of sweats and a t-shirt to toss at Shane. “Just stay here. Hazy is okay with it.”

Shane glanced over to the bathroom, where Wyatt had disappeared to finish getting ready. “I can go get a cot.” Ilya’s words registered in his head just a moment too late, “badly? Why do you think he’d be bad at it.”

Ilya scoffed and sent him one of his knowing smirks, lifting his brow. Which Shane took to mean *I am somehow an all knowing being and this has nothing to do with your oblivious nature.*

“Oral is best when you are a giving and perceptive partner,” Wyatt pointed out, as he came out of the bathroom. He’d picked the bed closest to the door and had his suitcase open on it. Shane could admit that perceptive and giving are not terms he’d immediately apply to Dulane.

“Is why I’m so good at it.” Ilya added.

There was really no way for Shane to answer that without either embarrassing himself, or turning himself on, best to just ignore. “Are you sure you’re okay with me staying here?”

“My sister and I used to have to share on the road all the time when we did family roadtrips.” Wyatt folded a shirt and tucked it into the suitcase. “If we brought girlfriends along we’d still have to share the room until we got our own money. This is just like that.”

“Shane is an only child,” Ilya said, handing Shane a collapsible toothbrush.

“Somehow I’m not my parents’ favorite either.” Shane held up the toothbrush and Ilya smiled at him.

“It’s new. Back up if anyone forgets.” Ilya patted him on the lower back, “my soap is in there.”

He’d be such a good Dad he can’t help but think before reminding himself that they weren’t even a full week into two weeks and they’d be sharing a room. *Keep it together Hollander.*

Shane preferred his own products, it’d taken a long laborious shopping trip with Rose to figure out the best process for his skin type. He wasn’t exactly keen on changing it. He straightened out Ilya’s products at home enough to know what was a comparable face wash and lotion at the very least. The toothpaste was the same so that was something.

It was stupid to feel so comforted in Ilya’s clothes. They use the same detergent these days. Hell, Shane probably washed this shirt and sweatpants as it’d been his turn to do the laundry the week before. He couldn’t help but lift up the collar for a quick sniff anyways.

Stupid he thought. Smiling at the smell of their Lavender detergent. *Their* detergent.

He picked up his phone and clicked over to Hayden's chat. *Do you ever get tired of thinking "Damn I'm married to Jackie"?*

By the time he was done brushing his teeth Hayden had responded with *Do you think four children just appear out of nowhere? Jackie is the best.*

The three dots appear, disappear and reappear. *Fuck you're thinking about Rozanov aren't you?*

Shane tucked his toothbrush into Ilya's kit and stepped out into the room. Wyatt sat in the center of his bed, eye mask on his forehead, and his phone in his hands.

"You look good in my clothes Hollander," Ilya walked past him to go into the bathroom.

"Shut up, Rozanov," Shane really hoped he didn't sound as hopelessly in love as he felt.

Wyatt was grinning, keeping his eyes on his phone as Shane went to sit on the far side of Ilya's bed.

"I'm happy you two can be open." Wyatt didn't look up from his phone as he spoke.

"Did you know?" Shane asked.

"Who you were?" Wyatt let his phone drop, "No, Ilya kept that pretty close to his chest. But I knew you existed. And that he missed you."

There was a moment of silence, before Shane asked, "so when did you figure out it was me?"

"All Star Game last year," Wyatt looked back at his phone.

"Is it hard just knowing everything about everyone?"

Wyatt shrugged, "I like people watching. Good night Shane."

"Night, Wyatt." Shane laid back in the bed, trying to imagine a night like that one with Montreal. Sure he and Hayden had joked all the time. J.J. would sometimes come up to chat with them. If anyone had asked him he wouldn't have noticed there was anything missing. He'd get dinner with the team, occasionally show up at the club if J.J. twisted his arm enough. But it'd been years since he'd just sat around shooting the shit with the team.

His phone pinged again with a message from Dykstra, he formed a group chat with everyone who had been in the room earlier and Dillon.

One for the road you guys

He shared a repeating video of someone throwing a pie at Dallas Kent set to one of those synth beat songs from the 80s that his Dad would hum along to.

Bood renamed the group to *Old Married Men and Troy*

Shane typed out, *what song is this?*

“Sweet Dreams by the Eurythmics,” Wyatt said. Shane’s head snapped over and saw that Wyatt still had his eye mask on.

Shane deleted his text, “That’s uncanny.”

Wyatt smiled and burrowed deeper into the bed.

~

Shane had started the night resolutely staying on his side of the bed, but within an hour of falling asleep he’d appropriated one of Ilya’s arms to be his pillow and had his cold feet pressed against Ilya’s legs. As if to say *this body is mine and is to be used how I want it to be*.

All Ilya could really think about that was, *Yes. Yes it is*.

Ilya thought that having Shane next to him all night would make sleep come easier. The warmth of his body reminding Ilya that he is so deeply loved that this man would give up his whole life just to be with him. Last year he’d thought that this was all he needed to be happy.

Yet...

The room had a small balcony and Ilya slipped out onto it. It was early enough that the street below was lively with party goers, snippets of songs rose up to him. He shuffled the pack of cigarettes in his hand, tapping each edge on the balcony railing.

Ilya pulled up the feed of the dog hotel and checked on Anya. She was curled up with her pile of toys in the travel bed Ilya had hand chosen for her.

A man down on the street was patting his pockets, searching for a lighter.

“Hey!” Ilya called, the man looked up at him. Ilya figured he’d try something new, maybe a good deed instead of a cigarette. He held the packet aloft and the man caught on quick, holding out his hands.

The man caught it and whooped with joy. “Thanks dude!”

“No problem,” Ilya said, but the guy was already leaving, stumbling down the alley.

Nope, didn’t work. Still depressed.

The glass pane slid open behind him, and Shane stepped out onto the balcony. He’d stolen Ilya’s Adidas slides, rubbing his eye. “Dude, do you know what time it is?”

“Anya is having nightmares without us, we should retire and never leave her side,” Ilya held up the phone.

Shane squinted at the screen, “yeah, she looks pretty content there. Nice try Ilya.”

“We should buy her more toys,” Ilya looked at the small pile next to her.

“Couldn’t stop you if I tried.” Shane stepped between Ilya and the railing, showing too much trust in the structural integrity to lean against it and look at Ilya.

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya, pulling him in tight to nestle his head against the curve of Ilya’s neck. He breathed in deep, exhaling against Ilya’s skin.

Ilya tightened his arms around Shane.

“Not worried about reporters with long range lens?” Ilya tried for his usual bitchiness.

“Married couple hug in the middle of the night, more at eleven.” Shane said as if it wouldn’t absolutely piss him off to be splashed across the tabloids and the internet.

Ilya chuckled and smoothed down Shane’s hair.

“We should go back inside, it’s cold out here” Ilya said when Shane let out a shiver. “My soft Canadian husband.”

“Five more minutes,” Shane muttered into Ilya’s collarbone, and Ilya couldn’t argue with that.

~

“I really am *so* sorry,” Dulane said for the tenth time before practice.

“It’s just a Rolex,” Shane said, pulling on his shirt, “they give me a free one every so often.”

“I just — dude can I buy you one?” Dulane sat down in Dillon’s locker, “I really didn’t think she’d do that.”

“They’ve been trying to get Ilya in an ad. Seriously, the last thing I need is another Rolex,” Shane tried to rush the conversation to an end. Being sexiled was bad enough, this was just a level of awkward he never dealt with before. His phone lit up with a text from Hayden *SHE STOLE YOUR ROLEX?*

This is under investigation by the Chicago PD. Don’t tell anyone Shane typed out as Dulane continued his apologies. They’d been going on for the better part of three hours.

I can tell Jackie right Hayden shot back.

Obviously

“I really thought she was the one,” Dulane sagged against Dillon’s hanging pads which Shane wouldn’t generally recommend.

“Yeah I’m sorry,” Shane said, his phone vibrated with a flurry of messages from Hayden.

Wait do you tell Ilya shit

Ok that has to be different because we work together

Aw fuck you told him about my toe didn't you

“Definitely a shitty way to lose your virginity,” Dillon said, “get out of my locker.”

“We didn’t —” Dulane started to blush “— we just talked about the future.”

The locker room dropped into absolute silence. Shane covered his eyes as Dulane sealed his own fate.

“Dude, you sexiled *Shane Hollander*, got his *Fifteen thousand dollar* watch stolen, and you didn’t even get laid?” Dillon asked, a little too loudly.

“Oh wow kid,” Ilya shook his head, “No that watch was Forty Thousand. We got it insured.”

“Since when do you look at the insurance on our stuff?” Shane asked.

“I think they evaluated my Spyder low.” Ilya shrugged, “It’s a good car.”

“Okay do not make this domestic right now.” Bood stepped over the bench, “that sucks man, I’m sorry she ran off with Shane Hollander’s watch but there is a lesson to be learned here.”

“Yeah don’t leave forty thousand dollar watches lying around,” Dillon said.

“I was getting ready for bed, I don’t sleep with my Rolex on! And that watch is my travel one. It’s only ten thousand.” Shane was surprised he was the one getting heat. In the Metros’ locker room the team would be ribbing Dulane until he pretended not to be upset about it. Troy’s shoulders were tight as he faced away from the group, rifling through his bag.

“Okay in that case, we definitely do not have a forty thousand dollar watch somewhere in our house.” Ilya added, “in case anyone invites a stranger to our parties.”

“How many rolexes do you have?” Dillon lifted his arm, and gestured at his own wrist, “do they keep good time?”

“Get better Dillon and maybe Rolex will sponsor you, and send your partner a watch too,” Ilya said.

“I’ll get you a new watch,” Dulane sounded like a kicked puppy again, and Bood put a hand on his shoulder.

“In ten years this will be a funny story, and Hollander has been sponsored by Rolex since he was your age; he’s probably got like fifty Rolexes.” Shane only had thirteen, but he knew better than to say that. Bood patted Dulane’s back, “to be young and in love. We all did stupid shit at your age.”

“Do you want to hear the stupid shit Shane was doing at your age?” Ilya asked.

“Why would you — you were doing them with me, asshole. Shut up and let other people talk about their wild escapades.” Shane turned back to his locker as Dykstra stood up.

“Yeah, we need to console him with missed connections, not whatever the fuck is going on in the Hollander-Rozanov household. Come children and listen to a tale, a tale so gut wrenchingly stupid you’ll be embarrassed for me for the rest of time.”

“Jenny Perkins?” Bood asked.

“Yes, Jenny Perkins,” Dykstra said, and launched into a story that Shane had only heard secondhand from Ilya after Ilya had a couple drinks. This clearly was a *thing* because Dillon jumped in and told a story about having a crush on a girl in his math class that he tripped and broke his nose when she told a friend she had a date for some dance.

Shane ended up waiting next to Troy as the stories got louder and more ridiculous.

“He would’ve been eviscerated in Toronto,” Troy muttered out of the corner of his mouth.

Shane took in a deep breath. “Yeah, in Montreal too.”

“Hey guys, Hollander’s watch is on ebay, but it’s only for five thousand dollars.” Luca held up his phone.

“Kids today don’t know quality when they see it.” Ilya said.

“Man, can’t the Chicago PD do anything right?” Dillon asked, and they cracked into laughter until Wiebe shooed them out to the ice.

~

Ilya made popcorn for the video review.

“Oh come on, I fight all the time!” Shane said from his seat in the front.

Ilya tossed a kernel at him from the back row where he’d tried to convince Shane to join him “yes, like maybe once a season.”

“Asshole.” Shane turned back to the screen and crossed his arms. “Centers shouldn’t even fight.”

~

“I am tired of this bullshit,” Bood announced, before sitting next to Shane. Ilya kept his hand wrapped tight around Shane’s hand, even as he reflexively tried to let go. They’d been waiting to board the plane for a little under an hour. Shane won the seating decision and they were right by the boarding gate instead of further away.

“Tired of what bullshit?” Shane asked, threading his fingers through Ilya’s, keeping them close together.

“People have been blowing up my twitter and instagram since the interview went viral. And I’m going to fucking deal with it. You ready Hollander?”

“Ready for what?” But Bood was already holding out his phone in selfie mode, recording their faces. Shane was central in the screen, Bood’s whole face close to the camera and then Ilya in the background, smirking away with the airplanes taxing behind them.

They did look good in the tiny screen. Shane’s hair hung artfully over his brow, he looked like a disney prince, or a rockstar. Ilya couldn’t choose which one. And Ilya felt like he looked a bit like a Roman Emperor in the background with his curls on point. One of the hot emperors not one of the ones who tried to marry his horse.

“Everyone has been asking me what it’s like to be on the same team as Shane Hollander, and here I am to tell you exactly what it’s like,” Bood started, Shane’s face scrunched in confusion before Bood continued by saying “2,857.”

“Gretzky,” Shane automatically replied.

“The rookie who scored 53 goals in the 1978 season?” Bood kept his eyes on the camera, a smile growing on his face.

“Bossy.”

“First indoor Ice hockey Game?”

“1875,” Shane said, getting his focused face together now that he realized the game.

“Bonus points it was in”

“Montreal.”

Ilya tuned them out for a second, watching Shane land every single question. No one doubted that he was the best on the ice, but Hockey was his whole life and the only thing he was interested in. Ilya was sure that any tidbit worth knowing about hockey was stored in his brain. Most of the questions were stats and scoring questions about hall of famers.

“He can do it for the KHL too!” Luca chimed in from behind them. Kneeling up on his bench.

“What?” Bood asked, his stride slightly broken, he looked at Shane, “seriously?”

“I watch KHL games to practice my Russian.” Shane said, as if that was a normal thing to do.

“Alright, I don’t know anything about the KHL but noted. Here’s one. Two rookies tied in a first year scoring race at 67 goals. Who were they?”

Shane grinned, “Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov, 2011.”

“Rookie of the year 2011?”

Shane nudged Ilya, as he said “Shane Hollander.” Ilya swatted at Shane’s arm, a decade and that was still his favorite. Of course.

“MVP 2014?”

“Ilya fuckin’ Rozanov.” Shane’s proud smirk was reflected back to Ilya in the camera. And Ilya couldn’t help but throw up a peace sign and stick out his tongue.

“Yeah, it’s that, that’s what it’s like.” Bood said, and shut off the video. “Thanks guys, I’ll tag you.”

Bood clapped Shane’s thigh and walked away, back to Dykstra’s side.

“You know, I don’t know much about social media but I’m not sure that will help.” Shane twisted in his seat to face Ilya. Ilya already had his instagram open and was reposting the reel. “You’re a menace.”

“You’re so mean to me,” Ilya tilted his head back, “Gimme kiss.”

“Menace.” Shane repeated, before he pecked Ilya on the cheek. After years of being in the closet Ilya was more than happy to let Shane take his time with public displays of affection. Everyone knew exactly who Shane loved the most, and importantly who *Ilya* loved the most. As much as he’d love to be giving his husband a hickey right at that moment he was fine with casual touches and slow responses.

Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane’s shoulder, and Shane moved stiffly into his side, relaxing after a moment.

“Did you sleep okay last night?” Shane asked.

“Did you not see last night? It was a shut out,” Ilya let his fingertips edge up under Shane’s sleeve, “A great night.”

“I know what the score was, I was there,” Shane grumbled.

“You did not score though. I did, twice.” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s head. Shane elbowed him anyways.

“Yeah, I got tired of carrying your ass, so I’m glad you finally stepped up.”

“Alright, time to board,” the flight attendant announced. This time Ilya managed to grab both of the bags, and held them high out of Shane’s reach, knowing full well that Shane would absolutely *not* try to climb him in public.

This backfired almost immediately when Ilya had to pull out his ID to board. Shane managed to grab Ilya’s bag before Ilya got Shane’s back in his hand.

“Stop flirting and get on the plane,” Bood said.

“It’s not flirting, he never lets me carry my bag, like I am a princess,” Ilya said, “I can carry my bag Hollander!”

Shane ignored him and fell back behind Bood, probably to keep his hoard to himself.

Since Shane was being an absolute *child* about the bags, Ilya chose a seat towards the back for them to sit in. He pulled out Shane’s book, (about Winnipeg’s team, of all things) and put it on the window seat. He always sat in the aisle. Before they got up into the air, Ilya checked on Anya, and made sure she was still happy. Her crate was empty, he toggled over to the playroom to see if she was frolicking in there with all of her friends.

Shane came up beside him, still smelling of his healthy seaweed shampoo. Shane put Ilya’s bag in the overhead compartment, already knowing that Ilya had absolutely no plans to do anything as boring as reading, and that Ilya probably wouldn’t let Shane read either. Shane grunted, and Ilya made the mistake of turning his head to see what was going on.

Shane was trying, emphasis on the word *trying* to take off his sweater in the aisle. His shirt caught up in the hideous Centaurs hoodie, baring his abs to the world. He had a faded bruise on his side from where he’d taken a hit from a puck yesterday.

He managed to get the hoodie over his head, pulling it down enough that his once orderly hair was mussed, it made him look as if he’d been freshly fucked.

He was wearing his *glasses*.

Ilya knew he was staring, maybe he was even drooling. Shane shoved the hoodie into the overhead compartment and then unzipped one of the bags. Absently he tugged down his shirt, hiding his abs but now Ilya was thinking too much about him, the shape of him, the smell of him. The way that his arm muscles fed into each other, his bicep bulging as he ran his fingers through his hair.

Shane pulled a flannel out of the bag, a flannel that David had gotten Ilya for Christmas the year before. (*Yuna says it’ll bring out your eyes*) One that Shane seemed to shamelessly steal after Ilya wore it.

He pulled it on over his t-shirt, before stepping in front of Ilya. He didn’t even bother to wait for Ilya to try to make room for him.

All that lovely ass suddenly in biting range and just as quickly moving out of range, as Shane sat down beside him.

Was Ilya drooling? He brushed the corner of his mouth with his fist, turning in his seat to look at Shane.

As if nothing had happened, Shane was pulling the book to himself, and opening it to check if his page was correct before tucking it into the pocket of the seat in front of him. Only then he seemed to notice Ilya was even there.

“What?” Shane asked, his hand coming up to his face, “do I have something on my face.”

“Hollander,” Ilya said.

“Seriously?” Shane smiled, “they’re an assistive aid.”

“Let me suck your cock right now” Ilya demanded in Russian.

“Oh you’re going to give in that easy?” Shane asked. Ilya’s eyes narrowed. “It’s only been eight days.”

“If I score a Dick Trick in Seattle—”

Shane sucked his teeth, “I don’t know if you can, you only scored two goals yesterday.”

“Asshole” Ilya said instead.

Shane leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his cheek as if he was nothing more than a friend.

“But I am your asshole”

~

It was clear to see who had been on the team last season, from the way that they sat grey faced, versus the new joiners like Dulane. Shane was somewhere in between. He could remember those heartbreaking moments, where he didn’t know what had happened and as soon as he found out... well.

No point in rehashing the past.

Shane played with Ilya’s ring, twisting it around on Ilya’s finger as Ilya kept his death grip on his other armrest.

“Do you remember Spain?” Shane asked.

“It’s only been a couple of months,” Ilya answered.

“It’s a shame you can’t take the same meds,” Shane felt a little stupid as soon as he said it, Ilya glared at him, “do you remember the beach?”

“Yes,” Ilya gritted out.

“We should go to more beaches.”

“You hate sand, it drives you crazy.” Ilya pointed out.

Shane shrugged, twisting the ring again, “sure it’s not great, and it gets everywhere. But you look so good on a beach. Plus it reminds me of Tampa.”

“Tampa.” Ilya said, “I thought we were talking about Spain.”

Shane shrugged, not sure what he was trying to do exactly. Troy stood up at the front of the plane and was telling everyone about the first time he met Harris’ family, and learned more

details about the Skunk incident. Whatever that was.

“Tampa was great. The first brick in our...” Shane dwindled, fucking metaphors. He shifted in his seat and pulled off his flannel, putting it over his chest. He pulled Ilya’s arm under the flannel with him, holding Ilya’s hand. The flight attendant had given them a couple blankets that they kept draped over their laps.

“Yes, when you told me you were gay?” Ilya prodded. “Are you cold? I can grab your hoodie.”

“Ilya, I’m trying to distract you,” Shane finally said, “help me out here.”

Ilya’s gaze went wide, and then molten, “ah, so you are a tease?”

“I’m not a tease,” Shane whispered, looking around to check that no one was listening to them.

“It’s not been two weeks” Ilya pointed out, arching a brow at him, *“are you giving in.”*

“I am trying to be a good husband,” Shane leaned forward *“I figured that taking care of you would count as an”* Shane faltered, before finishing in English “exemption.”

“Hmmm,so you’re trying to seduce me,” Ilya nodded, *“By reminding me of the time I cried in your arms?”*

“Fuck off, nevermind.” Shane sat back, and looked out the window.

“No it was hot, emotional vulnerability yes? Very sexy.” Ilya’s voice was threaded with a happy lilt, like he was on the verge of laughing.

“Yes, actually, it’s very sexy,” Shane hissed quietly, “I love it when we break through our issues by actually communicating. It’s exhausting having to try to figure out what everyone wants all the time. Just tell me what you want.”

Ilya looked at him, really looked at him then. In the way that he did sometimes when Shane was coming out of his skin with the need to be praised. His eyes drifted down from Shane’s face to his flannel covered chest and the thin blue blanket on his lap.

Then he looked at the rest of the team, calculating, before said quietly, *“when the lights go down, you’re going to get up and go to the bathroom.”*

“Am I?” Shane asked, but he was going to.

“Yes.”

Shane looked around one more time. Everyone who didn’t appear to be asleep was listening to Bood tell a story. Bood hadn’t bothered to get up, his big voice carrying over the seats. No one was looking back at them.

He took off his glasses and tucked them with the book, ignoring Ilya's glare at that. The last thing he wanted was to drop his glasses in the bathroom. He folded the flannel instead of putting it back on. The bathroom would be tight enough without it. He kept his fingers threaded with Ilya's as he waited.

It felt like eternity, but it was just another minute or so before the overhead speaker dinged. "As we've hit altitude the Captain will be reducing the light. Feel free to continue to move about the cabin."

The lights dimmed, a couple of people towards the front pushed their overheads on.

Shane stood up, stepping over Ilya's legs to go into the aisle.

"Sorry babe, be right back," he whispered. And went to the bathroom.

He stood in the unlocked stall for a minute, wondering if this was a bad idea, if anyone would notice that they went to the bathroom at the same time—

The door slid open, and Ilya stepped inside.

Another problem immediately became apparent.

"Shit I don't think we can both fit in here." Shane definitely couldn't drop to his knees, and he wasn't about to give his husband a blowjob from sitting on the toilet.

"Hollander," Ilya grabbed his hips and pulled him in close, they were both halfway to hard. "Bood is telling his Cowboy Story, we only have ten minutes."

Shane had wanted to hear the Cowboy Story first hand, but he had his priorities. Shane slipped his hand under Ilya's shirt, grabbing his chest to push Ilya against the folding door. "You drive me insane, do you know that?"

"Yes," Ilya said, unrepentant for his crimes, as he leaned forward and took Shane's mouth in a bruising kiss. His tongue mapping territory he'd had been exploring for years.

Shane unbuckled Ilya's pants and his own, pulling out both of their cocks. There was a burst of laughter from the plane, and Shane remembered the last All Stars they'd been at. Ilya pulled off his shirt and hoodie in one go, giving Shane space to work with and also almost clipping him in the chin. He draped the hoodie over Shane's shoulders, the only flat space that wasn't the toilet, and pulled out the t-shirt he'd been wearing underneath.

Shane figured that he had a handle on it, and he focused on biting his way up Ilya's collarbone, holding both of their cocks together, relishing the warmth of Ilya's skin, the feel of him in his hand, spiking up his spine as precum gathered at the tip of his dick.

"You're killing me, Hollander," Ilya said, looking down at their cockheads as Shane's big hand moved up and down them.

"You ask for it and I'll give it to you," Shane said against Ilya's lips.

“Fuck, Shane.”

Shane lifted up his hand, and Ilya spat into it. They had done this hundreds of times since the Tuna Melt Incident but everytime he could feel the burst of affection in his chest when he heard Ilya say his name. Coupled with this particular act, Shane wasn't sure he'd be able to last at all. Maybe he'd catch the tail end of the story.

“Ilya,” Shane said against his lips, letting the feeling build in him.

Then they were graceless, biting their moans into each other's mouths instead of letting them spill out, their quiet huffs against each other's skins. The slick slide of Shane's hand was not enough, not as decadent as they were used to. Ilya dropped the t-shirt between them and pulled Shane tighter to him, with both his hands on Shane's ass.

“Give it to me,” Shane spoke as quietly as he could, into Ilya's ear before he bit at the skin just below it.

Ilya grunted, warmth spilling out into Shane's hand, and Shane was quick to follow. The spiking pleasure overflowing and making his knees weak. The only thing keeping him upright was the mass of their bodies in the tight space.

They stood there, breathing in each other's air.

“I love you,” Shane said, kissing Ilya again just because he could, “And I'm so happy I married you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya said, his chest was still heaving under Shane's clean hand, trying to catch his breath, “although you'll send me to an early grave.”

“Maybe I should've kept my glasses on.”

Ilya groaned, and reached between them, using the shirt to wipe Shane's hands, “You're the biggest tease.”

“You know I'm good for it,” Shane said, kissing the juncture of Ilya's neck, the only place he could reach. Ilya checked Shane's shirt for any evidence.

“The best for it.” Ilya rolled up the soiled shirt tight.

“Yeah?” Shane was breathless, stroking Ilya's side. Sure the rotational was good but having Ilya so close and not *with* him was torture.

“My beautiful husband, so desperate to distract me that he'd break his no sex in public rule.” Ilya kissed Shane's cheek, “So good for me, just for me.”

“It's a private plane, Ilya,” Shane couldn't help but smile, “and we're in the bathroom.”

“Hmmm,” Ilya nodded and jerked his head towards the door, “you go first. I'll take care of the shirt.”

Getting past Ilya to get to the door was almost impossible. Neither escaped without any bumps. Years of practice had Shane checking the hall before he stepped out, and went back to their row.

“Do you want to watch a movie?” Ilya asked when he returned a minute later. Shane had put his flannel and glasses back on, and had been pretending to read about Winnipeg as best as he could.

Shane nodded, and Ilya popped open the overhead compartment to get at his bag, and take out his ipad. His hoodie rode up when he reached for it, evidence that his shirt underneath was missing.

Shane ran his fingers against that small stretch of skin, smiling to himself, he didn't even mind Ilya's smug smile.

Chapter End Notes

I'm editing the next chapter and writing the last chapter. Please forgive any flaws as I don't have a beta at the moment.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 4: Seattle

Chapter Summary

Troy and Shane are just ... bad at being gay.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Christ,” Chouinard said, “they’re talking about the showers again.”

“Chouinard, they’re so close to getting me never laid again,” Ilya said, jamming the dirty shirt from the plane deep into his suitcase.

Behind Ilya the late night hosts on ESPN were talking about locker room culture, and yes, how the showers worked with three gay men on the team.

“Who is this third gay man?” Ilya asked, “fuckers.”

“They’re erasing you, or making some bold assumptions about the team.”

Ilya grunted, he had no idea what Luca identified as yet. That bread needed to bake for a little longer.

“-who cares!” One pundit finally cut in “The Centaurs are the best team to watch right now. Both Rozanov and Hollander are playing better than they have in years and neither of them have exactly been slouching in past seasons. It’s not just them, Barrett is better than he ever was in Toronto, Haas is one to watch, and a shut out for Hayes? Against Chicago?”

“This one I like,” Ilya dropped down onto the bed.

“They didn’t mention me,” Chouinard frowned at the screen, “my defense work is impeccable.”

“It is. Sorry you’re getting erased with me.”

~

“Who proposed?” Troy asked apropos of nothing.

Shane had been looking at a collection of photos Hayden sent of the kids at the rink. Seeing little Amber in her skates had his heart pattering away. He’d been flipping between that and an editorial on the importance of Bood’s annoyance with the press, spurred on by his last instagram post. The pitterpatter of his heart was preferable to the anxiety building in his gut.

“What?” Shane set his phone down, “proposed what?”

“Marriage.” Troy glanced over at Shane before looking down at his phone, a faint blush riding the bridge of his nose.

“Uh, it was me.” Shane crossed his arms and leaned back.

“Huh,” Troy set down his phone.

“What?”

“Nothing, it just seemed like the type of thing Ilya would do.”

Shane shrugged, trying to figure out how much he felt comfortable telling Troy, “I wanted him to know that I was all in.”

Troy nodded, pensive, before asking “and you picked out the ring?”

“Yeah,” Shane narrowed his eyes at Troy, “why?”

“No reason.” Troy looked at his phone, but he didn’t bother to pretend to scroll before asking, “did you guys talk about it first?”

“Kinda.” Shane knew this wasn’t the same way that his Rose drilled him when he told her, or how Jackie ooh’d over the ring, nor was it anything like the reporters who wanted to pick every last detail apart. “Troy, are you thinking of proposing?”

Troy dropped his phone and his pretenses, moving to Shane’s bed. Shane shifted up on the pillows so that Troy could sit at his feet.

“Harris is only the second guy I’ve ever dated, but he’s the one for me. I just don’t know how all this works, you know? How do we decide who proposes? Who gets a ring? How do we plan a wedding?” Troy abandoned the bed after only sitting for a second to begin to pace, “I don’t want to mess it up for him. All the queer people I know are you guys and his friends. I can’t ask his friends.”

“Troy,” Shane patted the bed, “sit back down, calm down.”

Troy sat heavily on the bed and sank his head into his hands. “My mom said I should just talk to him, but what if that ruins the surprise?”

Shane couldn’t help but feel like he was the wrong person for Troy to talk to about this. “Dude, I’m so bad at being gay, I have no idea.”

“Me too!” Troy groaned and dropped back on the bed, his hands still covering his face.

It reminded him of the far distant past, when Hayden was absolutely panicking at trying to figure out how to ask Jackie if they could have a third baby. He’d slid to the floor and told Shane the very long and complicated story of how he’d spent two days trying to delicately

propose to Jackie before blurting it out over a protein smoothie she made him when he was hungover.

“Let’s take this step by step alright?” Shane nodded his head and thought about it, “here’s what I think I did right with my proposal. Ilya and I already knew that we were going to get married; it was just a question of when. It was incredibly romantic. Here’s some things I would’ve done differently - maybe get his ring size. He makes fun of me for not ordering my ring when I got his, but can you imagine if I got us matching rings and then he said no?”

“What if Harris says no?” Troy turned his head towards Shane, “What if he doesn’t know how to tell me he wants to break up?”

“If Harris wanted to dump you I’d assume there were aliens involved, he’s obsessed with you and bad at lying.” Even Shane could tell that.

“What if *he* wants to propose? Did Ilya want to propose?”

“He would joke about proposing, but I think he really liked getting proposed to. He always made the first move you know? Maybe it was a nice change of pace.” Shane hesitated, “I mean Harris knows that you want to marry him right?”

“He says we u-hauled but I don’t know what that means.”

Ilya would know but Shane wasn’t about to ask him. Or Scott Hunter for that matter.

“Man, I need more queer friends,” Shane pulled out his phone and shot a text to Rose to ask. She would know.

“Me too,” Troy folded his arms over his head. Shane wanted to ask him if he felt as awkward as Shane did in queer spaces. As if he was some interloper who shouldn’t be there.

“Come on,” Shane patted the bed next to him, “I’ll show you the jeweler I used. Also my mom told me how to covertly get someone’s ring size.”

~

“Oohh, someone on the Metros team got *mad*” Bood held up his phone to Ilya during their workouts, “Look at this shit.”

“What does AMA Mean?” Ilya held up the screen with the tiny print “*I work for the Metros and they fucked over Shane Hollander, AMA?*”

“Ask me anything.” Chouinard said, looking over Ilya’s shoulder.

“I did, just now—” Ilya started.

“No, AMA, it means ask me anything.” Chouinard reached over and started scrolling down the screen, “someone on the Metros is anonymously dropping all the tea.”

“Everyone on the team was okay with Hollander being gay when he didn’t actually appear to do anything gay. As soon as it was clear he was in a loving relationship with another man the team lost their shit– who wrote this?” Ilya asked, he scrolled more *“Not Pike, he doesn’t know how to write.”*

The AMA was in a clear response to a statement the Metros had put out over inclusivity. Apparently Bood’s response about Shane coming to the Centaurs was getting under their skin. They’d been loudly defending the fact that they’d been *totally okay* with Shane Hollander being gay, and they’d offered him an extension on his contract. Ilya knew that the extension on his contract had been bullshit, and they’d reduced his salary for the offer – basically begging him to leave. *Idiots.*

Shane walked out of the PT room, wearing baggy shorts and an under armor shirt. Ilya knew better than to freeze like a deer caught in headlights, but Chouinard and Bood didn’t.

“Oh what now?” Shane asked, shoulders sagging, “is it about the showers?”

“This dude says the team was okay with showering with you,” Chouinard pointed to the phone. Ilya elbowed him in the gut, before he sat down on one of the weight benches and patted the space beside himself.

“My office chair, come here.” Ilya said, hoping the endearment would lightly distract him. It didn’t, Shane sat next to him with a sigh and reached for the phone.

Shane read the entire post with the same focus he gave to the video reviews, scrolling back up and down before sighing, “it’s not a player.”

“How do you know?” Haas had pulled up the reddit post on his own phone.

“I just do,” Shane’s brows scrunched, “maybe a physical therapist or an assistant coach. It definitely reads like that side of the bench.”

“Are you okay?” Ilya asked, sticking to Russian.

Shane’s face was shuttered, blank, but there were no tears welling up in his expressive eyes. He frowned minutely before nodding, and grabbing his own phone.

“I’m going to call Hayden. I’ll be right back.” As if to reassure Ilya that he wasn’t on the verge of a breakdown, he gave him a kiss, an actual one on the lips, although it was light as anything. Before he walked away.

Ilya watched him go, and mentally set a timer for sixty seconds before he followed.

“Man, no wonder he took the paycut,” Holmberg said.

Space was overrated anyways. Ilya followed Shane out into the hallway, where Shane had propped his forearm against the wall and his head against it, his other hand holding the phone up to his ear.

“—I know it wasn’t you. No Yeah It wasn’t J.J. I mean... whoever it was wasn’t particularly nice to J.J. Either.”

Ilya stepped up to Shane’s back, putting his hands on his waist, and dropping his head to the back of Shane’s neck. He could hear Hayden faintly through the phone, trying his best to be reassuring and supportive despite being the most bland man to ever exist.

“None of it is wrong though. I mean it’s a bit harsh on the team. I was keeping a secret from them —”

“Fuck the team!” Hayden’s voice was just loud enough to come through the phone, “you didn’t owe them your whole life!”

Ilya smiled against Shane’s back, and pressed a kiss to the knob of his spine.

“I know, I know. I gotta go. I’m going to mute my phone. I need to focus on beating Seattle tomorrow.” Shane listened to the now quiet voice of Hayden, “okay, yeah, love you, give my love to Jackie and the kids.”

Shane clicked the phone off, shoving it into his pocket before he grabbed Ilya’s hand and wrapped it around his stomach.

“Can everyone just leave me the fuck alone?” Shane asked the wall.

Ilya shifted closer, wrapping him in both arms and moving his chin to Shane’s shoulder, “they’re obsessed with you because you’re so perfect.”

“Shut up,” Shane muttered.

“Number one hottest Hockey Player.” Ilya reminded him.

“That ranking put you fifth instead of second so clearly they are not a trustworthy source.”

“Asshole,” Ilya pulled him away from the wall and turned him around, pushing him back up against it. “They didn’t deserve you. They didn’t stand for you when you carried them to three Stanley Cups.”

“I knew it was going to be bad, I knew it, I mean obviously it was worth it.” Shane’s eyes were welling up now, “I’m just— I want this part to be over. I want people to just think of me as a hockey player. It was bad enough being in that locker room but now everyone knows.”

“Everyone knows that you didn’t come to Ottawa just to play with me,” Ilya pointed out. “They know that you were going to leave the Metros no matter what, because you do not tolerate that kind of disrespect. You deserved better.”

“Disrespect? Tolerate?” Ilya could see Shane trying to take control of the situation, even with his eyes watering.

“The assistant coach in Boston used to say that to me all the time. *I will not tolerate disrespect!*” Ilya shook his head, “he did not deserve my respect but you? You are the best.

The Metros would be nothing without you.”

Shane’s eyes fixed on a spot over Ilya’s shoulder, and he nodded. One tear dropped down his cheek.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya wiped away Shane’s tear, “you are brave, you have a plan, and success will follow you wherever you will go.”

“And you?” Shane asked.

“I will also follow you wherever you will go.”

Shane smiled at that, breathed in deep through his nose and sank down to his knees, pressing his head against Ilya’s hip.

Ilya sank his fingers in Shane’s hair, and waited out the storm with him.

~

Haas swore by a Swedish place in Ballard and the game was tense enough that Shane needed to decompress with the rest of the team. Their streak was unbroken but Seattle made them work for it.

The place was tiny, and none of them were particularly small people. They crammed into the booths and pulled up the seats next to each other, plates and cups covered the table. Chouinard had insisted that there were enough interesting things on the menu that they should do family style, which Shane had never done before with anyone who wasn’t actually family.

“Lets order more of this—” Ilya pointed at the dish that he kept taking from.

“Falukorv,” Haas helpfully supplied.

“Yes, delicious.” Ilya forked a piece onto Shane’s plate before taking one for his own.

Troy checked his phone for the fifteenth time in a minute. Even Shane noticed.

“What’s wrong Troy?” Shane asked, slipping the Toast Skagen that he knew he wasn’t going to finish onto Ilya’s plate. Ilya picked it up immediately. If it had dill in it then Ilya was bound to love it.

“Harris is working late today,” Troy frowned, “this trip has been a lot for him.”

Shane’s relationship with the social media team at Metros had been a constant bevy of requests formally submitted through emails or via coaches. Harris had a tendency to pop up and ask if he could steal Shane for a quick minute. His office was delightfully cluttered and there was a framed photo of him and Troy on the desk where Troy was holding up their massive dog and Harris was standing on a stepladder behind him in an apple orchard. It was clearly candid and they were clearly so disgustingly in love.

“Sorry,” Shane said.

“Shut up,” Bood said, trying to decisively cut a Kroppkaka for a bickering Tanner and Holmberg.

“Just order more, it is potato it will get eaten,” Ilya butted in. “Haas, add the Kroppkakkor to the list.”

“Don’t be, he loves when he gets to be ‘gay on main.’ His words not mine.” Troy held up his hands, “he’s probably going to go out with his friends after this and bitch about homophobia in sports.”

“I can imagine him at Monk’s saying a lot of things like ‘internalized’ that keeps popping up in the articles,” Dykstra said.

“Why the fuck would he go to Monk’s if we’re not there?” Ilya asked, taking the last Toast Skagen off the plate, and then stacking the plate with another empty. “He is probably at a gay bar.”

“Ottawa has gay bars?” Dkystra’s nose scrunched, “why have we never gone?”

“They probably don’t play ESPN on the T.V.s in gay bars,” Haas said quietly, as if that was the actual reason why they hadn’t gone.

“What articles are you reading Dykstra?” Shane asked, and wondered if it would be okay to ask for links.

“Put them in the group chat. For research.” Troy added, sending a pointed look towards Shane, and Shane resisted the urge to high five him.

Instead Shane added, “yeah so we can let you know how accurate they are.”

“There’s articles?” Tanner asked, sounding deeply confused “About being gay? What’s internalized mean?”

“Do not listen to them, they are so bad at being gay for super gay men.” Ilya butted in.

“*Regular Gay.*” Shane said at the same time Troy went “Hey, man.”

“Tomorrow we go to Vancouver, have you ever been to a gay bar in Vancouver, Troy?” Ilya arched a brow at him, and waited for Troy’s response, “and you Shane, have you ever gone to a gay bar, without me?”

“Do you want me to go to a gay bar without you?” Shane asked, “because I could.” Most of the team around them let out a low ooh at that, and Ilya rolled his eyes.

“No, we go as a team. Team building activity. After the game in Vancouver we’ll celebrate at a gay bar.” Ilya gestured towards Troy, “warn Harris that he’ll probably have to work late again.”

It's Shane's turn to say something out of nowhere after dinner, and it is "Ilya is up to something."

"What?" Troy asked. Both their phones had pinged at the same time with a club recommendation and a notification that Ilya had already reserved them a table and bottle service for after the game in Vancouver, along with a message that said *Win or Lose! But probably win.*

"I don't know," Shane looked at the club's reviews. There was nothing notable about it, nothing unique.

"Does he do that a lot?" Troy had his resting bitch face on which meant that whoever he was texting it wasn't Harris.

"Yeah, when he gets something in his head he'll just figure out a way to do it. He's adamant that I made the first move but I know he plotted that whole situation out." There were so many times that Ilya had teased something out of Shane, purely by putting him in a situation where he wanted nothing more than to give in.

"When he tracked you down like a bloodhound?" Troy asked, "What did he like corner you or something?"

"Cornering makes it sound bad, like he got me alone in the shower for his own deeds." Which he had. Absolutely. It's just that his deeds were the same that Shane had but Shane was too deep in the closet to say anything.

"In the *Shower*?" Troy asked. "What?"

Shane's brain clicked back into place as he realized what he just said, to *Troy*.

"Oh fuck that sounds worse."

"What?" Troy put his phone down and was staring at Shane in the way he did when he was trying to understand something. "Is this the details he didn't want to share?"

"You can't tell anyone Troy," Shane knew Troy could keep a secret, that wasn't the issue, "you can't tell Harris."

Troy paused for a second, contemplating, "Harris can keep a secret." Shane leveled his eyes at Troy, and Troy bashfully smiled, "Ok yeah, he really can't. Tell me a Harris safe version."

"We filmed a commercial together, just the two of us."

"Right," Troy nodded, "your CCM Ads?"

"Yeah, those ones. It was just us afterwards." Shane tried to figure out how to put it without saying anything too revealing. "Our shower rules are for a reason."

“Giving gay men everywhere a bad name,” Troy laughed and despite himself Shane joined him.

“What can I say, you’ve seen him.” Shane sank back in the bed, “I never had a chance.”

“Those ads were so long ago, it’s kinda surprising how long you two have been together.”

“I don’t know if I’d count that as being *with* him, we weren’t exactly exclusive the first few years. I was still in denial and all.” Shane was a little jealous of the other queer men he knew. The ones who had such clarity at such a young age. Even Ilya was a little shocked at how long it took Shane to both realize and accept his sexuality.

“You’re almost as much of a queer icon as Bood is.” Troy said, “you got there in the end.”

“Yeah,” Shane looked at his ring, “we definitely did.”

“I wish I could just explain to every straight guy who exists in the entire world that they’re actually not that hot and it’s more than easy to shower with some of these guys. I literally would rather be abstinent.” Troy said.

Shane chuckled, “yeah, I’m into – well guys like Ilya – but I wasn’t exactly popping boners left and right. Most of these guys are just...” Shane scrunched up his face. “I don’t even know how to explain it.”

“Just not as good at hockey as Ilya is?”

“Yeah,” Shane chuckled, “obviously that’s it. He’s just really so good at hockey. No one can compare.”

Troy laughed and nodded, “yeah I mean I’m usually just so terrified in showers that even the thought of finding someone attractive in there makes me want to hurl.”

“They really don’t take into account the anxiety of it all. Maybe they should start asking us what it’s like showering with a bunch of potentially homophobic guys.” Commiserating with Troy was different from Ilya. Ilya was so confident about himself and his sexuality. Shane knew Ilya wasn’t impenetrable, but in this regard he seemed like it. He was just so comfortable with himself.

“Toronto was a fucking gauntlet that I ran daily.” Troy shook his head, “I would’ve been eviscerated.”

“AMA, I am a gay man in an intensely homophobic field that basically requires brief periods of full nudity with incredibly strong men with anger issues.” Shane said as Troy laughed.

“Oh that’s so hot,” Troy said, pretending to fan himself.

Shane stood up and slipped on Ilya’s Adidas that he still hadn’t returned, “alright, I’m going to go say goodnight to my husband.”

“Make sure to avoid any showers,” Troy called out after him.

Shane sent Troy the finger before he walked out of the room.

~

Chouinard had been on the phone with his wife for the better part of an hour, which apparently meant sitting there and nodding as he stared into the middle distance and occasionally saying things like “what an asshole” and “fuck her.” Which was fine because Svetlana was texting Ilya a story about her day at work which always involved incredibly rich douchebags hitting on her.

A clear polite knock sounded out at the door. Chouinard sat up and Ilya waved him off.

“It’s Shane, I’ll be right back,” Ilya tucked his phone and opened the door.

Shane wasn’t bothering to look fashionable which meant he was in an old hoodie, a blue one that Ilya was particularly fond of.

“Coming to give me back my slides?” Ilya raked his eyes down Shane’s body.

“I think they’re mine now actually. Marital assets and all that.”

“Hm, boring,” Ilya pulled the door shut behind him and leaned against the wall.

“You love it when I talk about marital assets,” Shane said, stepping into Ilya’s personal space, which as far as Ilya was concerned was part of said martial assets.

“Hmm you’ve made me into a landlord,” Ilya shook his head sadly, “a tragedy.”

Shane tucked his hands into Ilya’s sweater, wrapping his hands in the fabric, the skin of his hands brushing against Ilya’s abs. Shane kissed him softly, as if they had all the time in the world and there wasn’t a hotel camera two feet away. Ilya’s heart was bursting with love.

“Hi,” Ilya said when Shane pulled away.

“Hi.” Shane kissed the corner of Ilya’s mouth, “what’s worse, that we’ve only had sex twice in the last ten days or we’ve only slept together once.”

“Was exemptions, doesn’t count.” Ilya pressed his forehead against Shane, “I hate this.”

Shane hummed from deep in his throat. “Good team building.”

“Who gives a shit about the team,” Ilya said, feeling more than seeing how Shane’s lips quirked into a smile, “we can carry them all the way to the cup.”

“Probably, but it’ll be easier if we build them up.” Shane pointed out, he twisted them so Ilya was crowding him against the wall, “less stressful for our backs.”

“Who cares, say the word and I send Chouinard somewhere and I can fuck you into the mattress.” Ilya kissed Shane, sucking his lower lip into his mouth, “and then sleep on top of you.”

“I’m not going to say it, you gotta say it.” Shane said, his lips spit slick as he returned the favor, kissing Ilya and brushing the back of his knuckles down Ilya’s chest. “Say that you can’t go two weeks without fucking me.”

“You’re an asshole Shane Hollander-Rozanov.” Ilya briefly, *briefly* weighed the joy of having Shane under him, writhing and moaning on his cock, against the delayed gratification of winning the bet and *still* having Shane under him.

This wasn’t a game either of them had played before, and delayed gratification wasn’t Ilya’s thing anyways.

He pulled back to say as much, and took in Shane’s small smile, smug with a twinkle in his eye.

“Hollander.” Ilya started, “you say it.”

Shane, the brat he was, just shook his head.

“Ugh, fine, we cuddle in the hallway like teenagers then,” Ilya said, pulling Shane’s arms deeper into his sweater.

“Works for me,” Shane stroked his hands down Ilya’s chest, because Ilya's asshole behavior was rubbing off on him, before wrapping his arms around him. They stood there for a moment, heads pressed together and arms wrapped around each other.

“Are you okay?” Ilya finally asked, the Montreal tell all on his mind.

“Are you?” Shane deflected.

Ilya sighed and nodded, “Sunday we’ll be home. Then I’m not letting you out of the bed until our next game.”

“That works for me. I’ll pencil you in.”

Brat.

Chapter End Notes

my favorite thing about role model is Troy sitting in the corner of Harris' office and trying to see how safe Harris feels by asking him a bunch of invasive questions about being queer. He just wants to learn!

EDIT:

Thanks to Silvagrey for pointing out an error with used plural/singular for Kroppkakor

Also shout out to Ducksaretheworst for pointing out that Luca is Swiss in the books and somehow that got twisted in my head?? Just pretend Luca is super fucking into Swedish

food.

Chapter 5: Vancouver

Chapter Summary

The team celebrates a win at a gay club because it's team bonding. No one has any ulterior motives at all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I think yoga is actually helping Dillon,” Ilya said while they were both off shift. “He’s the only person who has scored besides me today.”

“He got Haas and Chouinard involved in the yoga sessions too.” Shane said, like Ilya didn’t keep walking in on them every morning to offer helpful tips.

Right then, Chouinard slammed one of Vancouver’s players against the glass, keeping him from chasing down the puck.

“Huh,” Ilya shrugged, “maybe we ask Wiebe to hire a professional so you don’t actually hurt anyone.”

“Hey I can coach,” Shane insisted, shooting a frown over to his husband.

The shift came in and Ilya got up to the boards, “Yes, yes. Ok, I’m going to score a hat trick now. Bye love you.”

“Asshole.” Shane said fondly, shaking his head and grabbing his water bottle to help prepare him for the next shift.

~

“It’s close enough!” Ilya defended for the fourth time from the back seat with Troy and Haas. The nerves Haas had were clearly different than the ones the rest of the team was having, which is why Ilya shoved him into the car just in case. He didn’t know the boy’s alphabet but he’d bet The Cottage that *straight* wasn’t a part of it. Maybe Haas didn’t know himself either. It’d taken Shane years to figure it out and he’d been regularly getting fucked down by the hottest guy in the league no matter what the magazines said.

Shane didn’t even bother to look back from the front seat. “Three goals and an assist are not a Dick Trick.”

“Bah,” Ilya waved away the thought, “I will get a Dick Trick by the end of the season.”

“You can do anything you set your mind to,” Shane sent one of his sexy smug smirks over his shoulder.

“You know most players almost never get a hat trick let alone a Dick Trick,” Troy pointed out.

“I’ve done a Dick Trick before—” Ilya glared at Troy, leaning forward to do so as Haas was in the way.

“Yeah he’s talking about on the ice, not in bed,” Shane chuckled at his own joke, reaching a hand back for Troy to slap.

“*You love those kinds of dick tricks*” Ilya had no idea why Shane was so smug, it’d been Ilya who had scored most of the goals in their 5 to 3 game.

“Not denying it.” Shane in a braggadocious mood always made Ilya want to destroy him in the slowest, most delicious way possible. Until he was panting under his hands and didn’t care about anything else besides Ilya.

But Ilya had demanded they do a team bonding activity, and they’d do it damn it.

“What if we oversleep for our flight?” Haas asked, which was his weakest protest yet.

“Is this it?” Troy asked, looking out the window as the driver pulled to a stop.

Fashionable it was not. It seemed like whoever designed it had taken all their design cues from the early aughts and never bothered to update it in the intervening decades. An old factory with an overly bright, blocky sign with a name that was definitely a reference to *something* but Ilya didn’t know what. There was a cluster of people lined up by the bouncer.

The next car to pull up had more Centaurs stepping out of it.

“Huh, I didn’t realize this was a gay club,” Troy said. “The rink I used to practice at isn’t too far away.”

Ilya tsked, and shook his head at Troy, “you should’ve been slutting it up in the clubs before you settled down with the first boy you ever kissed.”

“Second boy,” Troy pointed out, which wasn’t the own he thought it was.

“Let’s go in,” Ilya lifted a hand to the bouncer who lifted the red cord immediately.

Inside was just as predictable as out. An upper level catwalk with drop stages had beautiful oiled men dancing on them. Lights flashed from every corner and the music thrummed with a heavy beat. A stage at one end was being cleared of dancers. The floor was alive with beautiful people and spilled drinks.

“Mr. Rozanov, sir?” A woman in a drop sleeve tank with a bralette underneath appeared. Her jeans were artfully torn down the legs. “Your tables are right this way.”

The VIP Section was a raised platform at the back of the club across from the stage. Curtains that could be dropped if they asked were currently tied back. The tables are clean of any bottles unlike the tables near the bar.

Ilya was here on a mission.

Shane stepped up behind him and frowned at the loud music.

And make sure husband has a good time was added to the mission.

~

The main difference between gay bars and straight bars as far as Shane could see was that the men were hotter and the women looked less hunted.

Ilya kept pouring another round of shots, making sure they got their bottles worth. Shane would've complained but he'd also ordered Shane a ginger ale and wasn't teasing him for chasing the shots with it.

A round of beers appeared, and all the young players who didn't have a partner at home disappeared, melting into the throng of bodies.

Shane's own partner was sitting across the table, their feet tangled up in each other. Shane hadn't figured out his game yet, but he would eventually.

The number of times Shane had gone to a gay bar could be counted on one hand, and they were all from the last year. The hesitant pizza with Fabian and Ryan to now, watching his husband pour shots and not having to pretend like they were just friends.

"Shane, moya lyubov, another?" Ilya asked, already pouring him one.

"Yeah, I think I can handle one more." Shane said, not wanting the moment, as silly as it ever was, to ever end.

~

It took a bit of waiting before the rest of his plan clicked into place. The same waitress who walked them up brought up a pair of actors who filmed nearby.

Ilya smirked.

"—The Ottawa Centaurs, I've already forgiven them for beating Vancouver today," the waitress shot their table a wink.

Bood did a half bow, "the most gracious of Vancouver fans."

Troy froze next to Ilya, but before they could notice Ilya leaned over and whispered "trust me."

Troy let out a deep breath as Ilya stood up, and gestured to the empty seats next to Shane and Dillon, “we’re taking up the whole place, join us. We are celebrating my amazing Hat Trick.”

“I’m not sure I know what a Hat Trick is,” Adrian Dela Cruz said as he took a seat next to Shane.

“Three goals by the same player,” Shane said automatically, “it was really sexy though.”

“Can we not with you guys calling each others moves sexy tonight?” Chouinard sighed before adding, “some of us haven’t seen our partners in two weeks.”

“I would if Rozanov had scored less sexy goals. Sorry.” Shane turned to Adrian and stuck out his hand. “I’m Shane.”

“I’m Adrian and this is Taylor.” Adrian looked around the table, giving Ilya a front row show to his acting. He treated Troy with the same polite acknowledgement as the rest of them.

“I’m a big fan of the show,” Boyle said, “we shotgunned the whole thing when the twins were refusing to sleep. It kept us up and on the edge of our seats.”

Troy’s phone began vibrating with a wall of texts from Harris. Tonight the universe was working for Ilya and Ilya alone, and after a fashion for Troy too.

“Speaking of being away from our partners for two weeks,” Chouinard nudged Troy in the side, “tell Harris we say hi.”

“Will do. Apparently the rookies are doing shots at the bar and posting it on Instagram.” Troy leaned over and tried to glance at the bar. Adrian’s eyes were fixed on Troy’s hair, and how it fell across his brow. This was going to be so *easy*.

Ilya only had to look at Dillon before he tapped his head, “I’ll chase down my liney and the rest of them.”

“Let them have fun,” Ilya called after his back.

“Should I go take care of my liney?” Shane asked. Deferring to his Captain as he should. It made Ilya want to abandon the plan and pull Shane into a closet somewhere. Shane had spent enough time in closets.

“You’re excused due to the Rolex situation,” Ilya said, and the table burst into laughter.

“Rolex situation?” Taylor asked.

“It’s technically still under investigation,” Shane shot a glare at Ilya. “So what do you guys do?”

Adrian kept his media trained smile on and answered “we’re actors.”

“Oh! Cool,” Shane clearly had never even heard of them. Which Ilya had known because Adrian isn’t in Blockbuster Movies or Oscar Bait. For the most part Shane’s viewing of

television is for when he's deeply bored on airplanes.

Chouinard luckily managed to save the conversation, asking them a bevy of questions about being on set, and telling them tales of behind the scenes hockey.

Troy set his phone in his lap and opened his chat with Ilya, filling the screen with question marks. Ilya could only hold up a finger under the table.

"Do you like hockey?" Shane asked as he set his phone face up on the table, clearly desperate for a text that would save him from small talk.

"I've lived in Canada long enough to say yes." Adrian said with a self deprecating chuckle.

"It's a great sport," Ilya opened his own phone and texted under the table to Rose. *Call Shane please and ask for Troy. For petty revenge reasons.*

"What you all did was so *brave* though," Adrian started but he didn't get very far with his asskissing. Shane's phone lit up with a picture of him cheek to cheek with Underdog Oscar Winner and top billed movie star Rose Landry, their tongues stuck out at an odd angles away from each other.

"One sec," Shane picked up the phone with a quick, "ma'am this line is restricted."

Her laughter came down the line, and Ilya loved seeing Shane's smile as much as he was annoyed someone else put it there. Ilya couldn't hear Rose's response but he could see Shane set a look at him, Ilya arched a brow.

"Ah yeah he's right here," Shane held out his phone for Troy.

Troy gave Ilya a confused look before taking the phone from Shane and holding it up to his ear, "Hey Rose, oh yeah no I had to update my number— wait it's hard to hear you give me a second."

Without sparing a glance at Adrian, Troy turned away and was walking out of the small VIP area in search of something quieter.

"What's all that about?" Holmberg asked.

"Apparently Rose has been trying to get ahold of him since our wedding." Shane shrugged, "she really hit it off with Troy I guess. I was a bit distracted that day."

Adrian was glaring after Troy, looking disconcerted. Ilya took the moment of success to shoot Shane a wink.

"You're getting married soon right?" Chouinard asked Adrian. And Ilya could've kissed him.

"Our wedding is on hold at the moment we're sorting stuff out." Adrian tried to cover. It would be better if Troy was here for this conversation. For Adrian to admit that he'd left Troy for something that didn't work out when Troy was clearly so happy, but hey, close enough that the team could see it.

The lights shuttered and dimmed, and a spotlight shone on the stage where a drag queen wearing a long sparkling gown now stood.

“Now everyone, yes it’s me, Miss. Aurora Chance imagine my surprise when I heard a queer icon was in the audience tonight!” She pointed back to the VIP section and said “Zane Boodram you come here right now!”

The spotlight swung to them, and Adrian shared a mystified glance with Taylor. Bood stood up to the applause, waving his arms and putting on his best smile.

Ilya used the opportunity to duck away and find Troy.

The floor was packed with people clustering around the stage to get a good look at Bood, who was now answering Aurora’s questions about how single he was (not) and how willing he’d be to run away with a drag queen (*if I wasn’t totally in love with my wife.*) He even offered up the fact that it was his turn to share a room with Ilya and Ilya spent most of it staring lovingly at a picture of Shane. Which wasn’t totally a lie but Ilya felt Bood was exaggerating a little.

The hall to the bathroom was empty and so was the bathroom. A cluster of teenagers leaving it just as Ilya walked in. The last thing he wanted was to go back to the table and get pulled into small talk before he had a chance to talk to Troy about it.

He turned to leave, only to find Shane pulling open the door behind him.

“Dude,” Shane said with a glare, “Don’t leave me alone with that actor. He is so boring he just keeps talking about himself, and why is he so cagey about his wedding? Shouldn’t he be excited?”

“There’s rumors that either his partner is cheating or he's cheating.” Ilya leaned up against the sink. He couldn't really dig up too much sympathy for him.

“Ugh that sucks. Or he sucks? I don't know.” Shane mirrored Ilya’s pose against a stall across from him.

A burst of laughter came up from the bar, echoing down the hallway. Shane tilted his head, his eyes going from Ilya’s down, and back up again. A slow smile came across Shane’s face, he dropped his head back against the stall, his soft hair flopping across his brow. Unlike Adrian – Ilya could do something about it.

Why the fuck was he not touching him again?

Ilya crossed the bathroom and pushed Shane into one of the stalls. Shane wrapped his hand around Ilya’s wrist, grinning wide and happy as he pulled Ilya in with him.

Shane grabbed Ilya’s hair as Ilya took Shane’s chin in hand. Their lips met and it was instantly desperate and filthy. The taste of top shelf vodka met nationally adored Ginger Ale and had Ilya smiling too much to really focus.

“You know,” Ilya said against Shane’s panting mouth, “it’s rite of passage.”

“What is?” Shane asked. His hands grabbing at Ilya’s waist.

“Getting blown in gay club bathroom.” Ilya sucked a kiss into Shane’s tilted up neck,
“Doesn’t count if its—”

“Rozanov!” Troy’s voice echoed in the bathroom as the door opened up, “Are you in here?”

“Fuck off Barrett!” Ilya shouted back and Shane froze in his arms.

“Dude, how did you figure out about Adrian?” Troy walked the length of the bathroom, clearly checking that the other stalls were empty. “Wait, is Hollander in there with you?”

“Barrett I will kill you, I swear on my Championship Ring.”

Shane was already swatting away Ilya’s arms and taking in a calming breath.

Ilya groaned and opened the stall door, “I had him, I had him right there.”

“Shut *up* Rozanov!” Shane pushed him out and pulled the stall door shut, “you’re such a fucking menace.”

“He loves me more than anything on this Earth.” Ilya informed Troy.

“Yes but I’m mad about it,” Shane said from inside the stall.

Troy groaned and ran his hands through his hair, “I don’t have time for this now. Did you know about Adrian?”

Ilya shrugged, and Shane stepped out of the stall behind him, having fixed the hang of his boring shirt.

“What about Adrian?” Shane asked.

Troy looked around before stepping closer and whispering, “he’s the ex that cheated on me.”

Shane’s whole face scrunched in disgust, “but he doesn’t even know what a Hat Trick is.”

Ilya scoffed, “yeah Barrett, he doesn’t even know what a *Hat Trick* is.”

“Well we didn’t talk about Hockey, usually we talked about...” Troy trailed off.

Ilya gave him a moment before he said, “the show?”

“And other things. Who cares,” Troy shook his head, “I have Harris, and I’ve been over him for a long time.”

“Obviously, Harris is way better —” Ilya started.

“—he knows what a Hat Trick is at least —” Shane muttered.

“—And he has Chiron, who is the most important here.” Ilya added.

“You’re both terrors.” Troy shook his head, “I’m going to go find Bood.”

“He hurt you, and you couldn’t do anything about it except get sad drunk and be bad at hockey for a few weeks, yes?” Ilya waited until Troy nodded, “Okay now you’re happy, you have Harris, Adrian can’t keep a relationship going, and his movie flopped.”

They all stood there for a moment, a sink dripping behind Troy was the only sound.

“And?”

“It’s petty revenge Barrett, come on. You make him regret cheating on you because he is the asshole and the best part is that you get to text Harris and he’ll probably just respond with a dick pic.” Ilya gestured towards Troy’s phone, “he sends them to you all the time.”

“How do you know that?” Troy grabbed his pocket, as if protecting his phone from Ilya’s eyes.

“You are very obvious when you get them.”

“You are just a very weird bloodhound aren’t you?” Troy asked.

Ilya shrugged. There was no use in denying it. He was great at hockey, reading people, and fucking and he liked to do all three.

“I don’t want to talk to him, I don’t want to deal with his ass kissing or his fake niceness or” Troy winced, “what if he hits on me? I just don’t want to talk to him.”

“Even better!” Ilya held out his hand, “give me Shane’s phone, I have a great idea.”

~

Shane did not want to carry Ilya’s shirt around the bar for the rest of the night, luckily it layered well over his own shirt. Once he got back to the table he held out Troy’s shirt and phone to Chouinard, as Ilya had told him to.

“Can you hold this for Troy? I don’t want to lose it,” Shane slipped back into his seat. Adrian had moved a seat over which was good because Shane was not the best at pretending to like people. Adrian was young enough, maybe he’d grow up and become a better person but that didn’t mean Shane had to sit there and actually talk to him.

“Where is Troy?” LaPointe asked, shifting on his seat to accommodate Shane. Shane jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the suspended stages for dancers.

The reaction from the team is instantaneous.

“Holy shit.”

“Someone *please* take a photo for Harris –”

“Fuck for Harris, what about for the rest of the world–”

The waiter dropped a fresh Ginger Ale at Shane's elbow and he gratefully accepted it, taking a sip as Dykstra worked on a good angle for his shot.

"Dude, how are you not crashing out that your husband is shirtless, dancing in front of hundreds of people right now?" Young asked.

Shane pulled up his phone, conscious that Dykstra was definitely recording a video for something. He was a confident gay man married to the love of his life who happened to be dancing behind him. He held out the screen towards Young.

"Read my text to Rose right around the time we got here," Shane said.

"Hey Babe, there's a suspended stage at this bar, how long do you think until Ilya is shirtless up there?" Young chuckled, "she said twenty minutes and you gave him an hour."

"I don't have my watch but I think it took him two hours, which is impressive restraint if you ask me." Shane twisted in his seat to look up at Ilya, who truly looked like he was having the time of his life. He turned back to the group, happy to note that Dykstra was done recording whatever he was doing. "I am fully aware of exactly who I married."

"I think that what Shane is saying is that Ilya can do whatever he wants because Shane can fight." Boody said. He'd also seemed to have lost his shirt at some point since Shane went off to find Ilya. His Trinidad and Tobago sleeve on full display, as well as his own bevy of muscles. Boody was straight as hell but it was reassuring to see a straight man be so comfortable in his own skin in a gay bar. It made Shane feel like coming to Ottawa was the right choice – setting aside the fact that Ilya was there.

"Yeah, exactly. Let the man be happy." Shane wanted nothing more than for Ilya to be happy, and he was happiest when he was the center of attention.

Ilya did look incredibly happy up there, his eyes kept scanning the crowd to find Shane. Which was fair enough because Shane couldn't keep his eyes off him. Everyone in the club could lust as much as they wanted over Ilya, but Shane was the one who was going to take him home. Bet or no bet, every fiber of their beings belonged together.

~

By the time they end up at a late night food spot close to the club, Dulane pulled away from the latest love of his life, and shirts returned to most of the Centaurs, the video Dykstra posted is already making the rounds.

"I like this one," Ilya held the phone over to Shane, someone had put a tweet over a picture of Shane drinking his ginger ale and Ilya dancing on the stage behind him, *My girl can wear whatever she want because she a hoe and I knew that before we started dating.*

Ilya was taking that to heart at the moment. Shane had tried to give him back his shirt but Ilya just pulled his coat on over his naked chest. Easy access for seducing his husband.

The vodka was no longer in his system, instead he just wanted, *craved* his husband. The quick adrenaline of the game, the added layer of attention from the dancing – all of it a build up. Shane was pressed up into his side as they ate, unbothered by the way Ilya's arm was draped around his shoulders.

Or maybe he *was* bothered, given the way Shane's eyes kept dropping down his chest towards his stomach and the sweat cooling in his happy trail.

Ilya smirked and kissed Shane's sweaty mop of hair.

"Hah look at this one," Bood held out his phone to the team, showing a picture of Ben Affleck smoking a cigarette in a badly photoshopped centaurs jersey and hats with price tags photoshopped into the gap in his arms *When the centaurs just keep winning on hat tricks*.

"Harris says hi," Troy sat in the seat next to Shane.

"How'd he like the pics of you on the stage?" Ilya asked stealing a fry from Shane.

Troy blushed, his whole face taking on the red tint.

"When are you going to make an honest man out of our boy?" Bood asked, "don't you know hockey players are supposed to get married within a year of meeting their partner?"

"These two don't count," Dkystra said, waving a fry at Shane and Ilya,

Troy just blushed harder, "shut up."

The conversation drifted in the aimless way of late night food. Half the team looked ready to sleep in their gyros.

Ilya cupped the back of Shane's neck, playing with the short hair there, enjoying the feel of it under his finger tips. He played a good game, he had fun with his teammates, his husband wasn't even being subtle about checking him out. It's a good night.

"Let's go back to the hotel before the Chouinard falls asleep right now, none of us could lift him."

"Fuck you," Chouinard yawned.

"Dela Cruz made a post about hanging out with us," Dillon tried to read it, "Hollander you do know that not everyone likes to talk about hockey all the time right?"

"No he doesn't know that," Ilya said, his thumb rubbing against the soft skin under Shane's ear.

"He asked!" Shane bristled under Ilya's hand, "why would you want to sit with hockey players if you don't want to hear about hockey?"

Ilya had no doubt that when he was dancing his heart out, Shane was lightly terrorizing Adrian with hockey knowledge. He was certainly long gone by the time they were tired of

the stage.

Troy beamed from behind his gyro that he'd been gingerly picking at. Maybe too much seasoning and fat for the way Troy lived his life.

"Yeah Dillon," Ilya repeated, "why would he sit with a bunch of hot hockey players allergic to their shirts."

Dillon flipped Ilya off. Then pulled Troy into a conversation that Ilya decided he wanted nothing to do with.

The waiter reappeared at Shane's side, asking him if he needed anything right as Shane took a reasonable bite of his dripping Gyro. Shane lifted his sauce covered fingers to cover his mouth to respond, but Ilya got there first.

"He's good," Ilya said quickly, "Haas needs more sauce though," Ilya said jerking his head towards Haas, and wrapping his arm tighter around Shane's shoulders.

Shane rolled his eyes, right as Dykstra chortled.

"What?" Ilya asked, lifting a brow at Dykstra. Daring him to say something.

"You can't get jealous over Shane when you spent half the night dancing shirtless," Dykstra met Ilya's brow raise with one of his own, "it's called double standards."

Shane was laughing into his sauce covered hands as Ilya glared at Dykstra.

"Shut up, is not," Ilya defended.

"You should see what happens when Rose sends me fit checks." Shane put down his gyro and grabbed a napkin, wiping off the sauce that Ilya wished he could just lick off instead.

"Dude he's so clearly gay, and obsessed with you," Dykstra said.

"Remember when your neighbor hit on Caitlin?" Bood pointed out.

"That was different, I was worried she was uncomfortable!" Dykstra nudged Bood, "whose side are you on?"

"Is that why you know the words double standard?" Ilya asked.

"No, if I was dancing on a stage all night Caitlin would kill everyone and then me." Dykstra smiled smugly, "she's my dream girl."

"I get jealous," Shane picked at his gyro, a little frown forming at the corner of his mouth, red forming in his cheeks, "just not of people who don't have a shot in hell."

"No one but you has a shot," Ilya said with a wink.

Shane sent him a glare before turning to the team and saying, “what do you think of Edmonton’s new center?”

Ilya rolled his eyes, and let Shane pull the conversation towards hockey.

~

“When do you get jealous?” Ilya asked, leaning against the elevator with his hips thrust out, acres of delicious skin on display.

“You know when,” Shane resolutely looked at the display ticking upwards.

“Hm, I want to hear it.”

Shane knew it was too good to be true that Ilya let him change the conversation. He should’ve known that Ilya would just wait to corner him alone when he could be honest and free with his words.

“Stop being a dick,” Shane muttered.

“Reassure me Hollander,” Ilya pouted, “I was dancing up there and you’re not even upset.”

Shane huffed out a sigh, and looked at Ilya, “really? You want to do this now?”

Ilya pouted deeper, almost cartoonishly, his plump lower lip asking to be bitten.

“Alright, I wasn’t jealous in that club because I know you’re dancing for me.” Shane stepped in close, “all of those people desperate for you, would do anything to get fucked into a mattress by you, and they can tell how good you are. But you’re mine.”

Ilya nodded before tilting his head sideways, “but that’s not when you get jealous.”

“I get jealous –” Shane glanced around the empty elevator, feeling stupid as all hell, “–I get jealous of all the people who have known you where I have not seen you.”

“You know all of me,” Ilya stated, because it was true.

“I get jealous of your teammates from Boston, your classmates from school, all the people who had a chance to get to know you, the real you, and missed the goal.” Shane stepped in close, “I get jealous of Svetlana because she was there for you when I couldn’t be, of Cliff because he spent years sharing your room on the road. Hell, I get jealous of Sasha for being the first boy to give you a blowjob.”

“I love you,” Ilya said, because it was true and it was real. “But you also get jealous if people hit on me.”

Shane chuckled, “I’m working on that. I can’t fight everyone in the world and you’re just so hot. What can I do?”

“You could kiss me?” Ilya said, reaching out to take Shane’s hand and pulling him in for a kiss.

Shane sighed into it, stepping between his legs and crowding him against the wall, instantly desperate for it.

The elevator dinged open on their floor, and they tumbled out, Ilya walking Shane backwards towards a wall. Shane wanted to be taken out of his mind, to stop thinking, he was so tired of just *thinking* all of the time, even being aware of the security cameras that dotted hotel rooms, his teammates walking around.

“Ilya,” Shane said.

“I know, I have you,” Ilya pressed him against the wall and pushed his hands up Shane’s shirt, his grasping fingers against Shane’s pecs. He bit at Shane’s neck, and Shane’s pulse jumped up to meet him.

“We can’t –” Shane started.

“If you bring up the bet right now Hollander–”

“No not that, the cameras,” Shane smiled, “although I can go another night.” He lied.

“Well I can’t,” Ilya glanced around, before leveling his eyes at Shane, “So this is what we’re going to do. I’m going to say I lost the bet, but you have to sexile Dkystra.”

A mix of heat and ice flooded Shane’s veins. “What?”

“I’m losing the bet, but you’re the one who wants to do team bonding,” Ilya leaned forward, nipping the skin under Shane’s ear. “Come on, I need you.”

Shane needed him too. He could say no, push back, and Ilya would do it for him. But he wanted to be brave.

~

Ilya leaned against the wall outside of Shane’s room, staring at the wallpaper and trying to calm himself down. Sure if he popped off immediately like a bottle rocket they could at least cuddle, but that wasn’t what Ilya wanted to do tonight. Adrenaline thrummed under his skin, he wanted his husband falling apart in his hands.

The door opened, and Dykstra stepped out, already dressed in camo pajamas with his phone and his charger in hand.

“1290,” Ilya said, holding out his room key.

“Thanks man,” Dkystra didn’t even bother to tease him, he just gave him a quick nod of his head and took the key. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Goodnight,” Ilya called after him as he walked down two doors to Ilya’s own room where Bood was already passed out.

Ilya squared his shoulders and stepped into the room.

“I hated that,” Shane said, which was fair.

“Ah yes, but you won,” Ilya reminded him, “I’ve spent too many years not spending every night with you, I’m not going to do it again.”

“What about the next rotational road trip?” Shane said, as if he was trying to bait Ilya into kissing him.

It worked. Ilya crowded him up against the bed before pushing him back on the neatly made bed, pillows perfectly fluffed.

“I’m not doing this again Hollander, you’re my husband and you belong with me,” Ilya grasped Shane’s chin and angled him for a kiss, loving how wide Shane’s smile was.

“Maybe we should, it keeps you keen,” Shane pulled at Ilya’s jacket, grabbing at Ilya’s shoulders and then biceps as Ilya helpfully kneeled up to toss off his jacket.

“Keen? This is a fake word.”

“No, it’s keen, eager, um...” Shane thought for a second, before adding “enthusiastic.”

“I am always *keen* I don’t need to be tortured for two weeks to want you,” Ilya said, pulling off Shane’s shirts.

“Yeah?” Shane shoved off Ilya’s pants and then worked on his own, Ilya decided to help by caressing Shane’s chest, squeezing his pecs, “even when you could take home anyone from the club?”

“No one comes close to you moya lyubov.” Ilya pushed down Shane’s underwear, his dick was as eager as Ilya was, and with his hand still on Shane’s chest he swallowed him down.

“Shit, Ilya– I’m not – I’m not going to last, we can’t do this.” Shane said instantly breathless.

Ilya barely pulled off and said, “fine, where is the lube?”

Shane pointed at his toiletry bag on the dresser. Ilya took off the rest of his clothes as he rooted around in the bag. Shane had repackaged all of his soaps and shampoos to easily fit in his carry on. But Ilya could pick out the lube at a hundred yard line up.

He turned back to the bed and found Shane folding up their clothes. He watched for a moment as Shane folded Ilya’s shirt first, and then his own.

Shane looked up from his task, “What?”

“I love you so much,” Ilya said, holding back a laugh with sheer determination. He tossed the lube to Shane and picked up the neat stack of clothes Shane had folded, putting them on the back of the armchair to be dealt with later.

This time when he looked back at Shane he was already two fingers deep in himself and breathing slow. Ilya almost shot off right then.

“Don’t get started without me,” Ilya clambered on the bed and took the lube from him.

“I need you in me right now Rozanov,” Shane winced at the angle, “hurry up.”

“Impatient!” Ilya added his finger to Shane’s, letting Shane pull out his hand and grab Ilya’s shoulders for purchase. “Let me take care of you, moya lyubov.”

“You’ve been killing me all day, with the hat trick and the dancing,” Shane gasped a breath as Ilya added another finger, Shane squeezed the base of his cock with his other hand, “if you don’t fuck me soon I’m going to die and you’ll be a widower.”

“Hmm, can’t have that now can we?” Maybe there was a benefit to the rotational. It’d been awhile since Shane was desperate for him in *this* way. It reminded him of their reunions after a week apart, when they were too desperate to do anything but fuck like bunnies, then they’d cuddle for a long while and then do it all again. Slow and intentional.

“Come on,” Shane prodded. Giving himself another stroke before letting go and grabbing at the pillows instead.

“I’ve got you,” Ilya lubed himself up, generously. After all, it had been almost two weeks. He grabbed one of Shane’s legs and pushed it up to his chest, pressing a kiss against the inside of his knee, “*my beautiful perfect husband*.”

The praise got Shane to drop back his head, and Ilya kissed his neck, biting where the skin curved into his chin.

Shane was always so tight, most likely a side effect of being so tightly wound all the time, but he was never too tight to take in Ilya. The time for teasing was done, Ilya slid in as far as he could, grabbing a pillow to tuck under Shane’s ass.

“Harder, don’t you dare tease me,” Shane gasped into his hair, and Ilya obeyed.

“You’ve done so well,” Ilya gritted out, trying to set a rhythm, “you’re so good for me.”

Shane moaned and grabbed Ilya’s bicep, the tacky feeling of lube spreading across Ilya’s skin and the Loon he had tattooed there. “Please, please, Ilya.”

Ilya couldn’t deny him anything, let alone a perfectly reasonable request.

He picked up the pace, shifting Shane’s other leg and putting his ankle on his shoulder. Shane moaned deep and loud, before grabbing a pillow and putting it over his own head.

“Fuck, Hollander,” sweat dripped down Ilya’s back, and the feeling of him was just too good. He shifted, and Shane let out a familiar hitched gasp. Ilya grinned and repeated the motion, getting him to gasp again. He knocked the pillow out of the way, and bent over to kiss Shane instead, swallowing his moans.

“I can’t wait to get you home where I can hear you properly,” Ilya said, not sure if he was speaking in English or Russian but Shane was nodding anyway. “Where I can take my time worshipping you.”

“You too,” Shane bit out, hand flying up to grab the headboard. Shane’s cock was dripping precum against Ilya’s abs when he thrust into him. Shane let him move his legs to get even closer, giving Shane’s cock the friction it needed.

“Are you going to come for me?” Ilya asked, knowing the answer.

“Just give it to me Ilya,” Shane grabbed the back of Ilya’s head, “give it to me now.”

Ilya thrust once, twice, making sure that Shane’s cock dragged against Ilya’s body. Shane moaned and shot off between them, only then did Ilya let go, spilling everything he had into Shane.

They gasped against each other’s mouths, breath ragged before Ilya started to chuckle, and laugh, dropping his head to Shane’s chest.

“What’s so funny?” Shane asked, his voice beginning to wane towards sleep.

“I can’t believe we almost went two weeks,” Ilya looked up, “next time let’s just see how many places we can get away with fucking instead, alright?”

“Deal.” Shane said with a huff of laughter before kissing Ilya again.

~

“Hollander! Rozanov! Our bus is about to leave for the airport!” Dkystra shouted through the door as he banged on it, Shane jerked awake, lurching upright. “I have my key and I’m coming in.”

“No wait!” Shane shouted back, Ilya all but tumbled out of the bed as Shane pulled open his suitcase and put on a pair of pants and a shirt. He tossed old sweatpants and a t-shirt to Ilya to pull on. Which Ilya did commando of course.

The morning moved in a rush after that, Shane packing up his stuff as neatly and quickly as he could. Dkystra had already mostly packed. They brushed teeth elbow to elbow which made Shane feel like a teenager in his first joint room again.

Shane tipped and they managed to get to the bus before Wiebe sent out a search party for them.

It wasn’t until they got to the airport that anyone noticed.

“Hey Captain,” Bood grinned, “I didn’t realize you used to play for the Metros.”

“The fuck?” Ilya looked down, and Shane saw it first, the crisp “Montreal Metros” high on Ilya’s hip. “Oh no this?” Ilya pointed at his pants before saying loudly, “These are my husband’s pants.”

“Shut up, Rozanov,” Shane could feel the team gearing up around them.

“It’s bad enough that I got sexiled last night, but now you’re wearing another team’s merch? That’s just wrong. Why do you even still have those Hollander?” Dkystra asked.

“We should do a ceremonial bonfire. That’s what Cassie did for her ex’s shit before we got together.” Bood grinned and nudged Troy, “maybe we throw in any Guardians shit you have.”

“No, I left all that in Toronto.” Troy said, abandoning Shane to the wolves.

“I didn’t mean to pack those ones, they look just like another pair I have,” Shane defended.

“Dkystra, did you check that your rolex was still there this morning?” Dillon asked.

Dkystra grabbed his wrist and looked shocked, “oh fuck, someone call the Vancouver police.”

“Do you think I married my husband for his beautiful hockey skills, insane body, and perfect soul?” Ilya said, “No, it’s for the forty thousand dollar Rolex. I think I could get twenty on ebay for it. Easy. I don’t need to steal your ten dollar grocery store watch.”

“Fuck all the way off, Rozanov,” Shane pushed at Ilya’s shoulder, his hand slipping down Ilya’s arm and folding naturally into his hand, “you’re the worst.”

“You love me,” he said in a singsongy voice, as he tended to do at least once every other day when he was being incredibly annoying.

Shane didn’t bother to respond, instead he tugged Ilya down into the chair next to him, smiling as his heart fluttered in his chest. Ilya smiled back at him and gave him a loud smacking kiss on his temple.

“Just wait until I get you home.” Ilya said quietly into his ear.

Shane couldn’t wait, he leaned in and kissed Ilya softly, “I’m not telling you where my watch is.”

Ilya burst into laughter, wrapping his arm around Shane's shoulders, and Shane didn't freeze or think too hard about it. After all they were with the team. Instead he settled in against his husband's side and pulled out his phone to kill time before their flight home.

It took me so long to post the last chapter because I was struggling with this chapter. I had a long explanation here of why but honestly ͇_('ʘ)_͇ hopefully you enjoyed it!

Edit: Realized I misspelled a character's name and had to double back to fix it everywhere.

End Notes

Update: Prequel can stand alone, currently posting and in progress.

And sequel? Someday hopefully! it's half written.

Works inspired by this one

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!